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© **L O V E**
I N A
R I D D L E.
A
PASTORAL.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

B Y

His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. C I B B E R.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK at *Shakeſpear's-head*, GEORGE EWING
at the *Angel and Bible*, and WILLIAM SMITH at the *Her-
cules*, Bookſellers in *Dame's-ſtreet*, M DCC XXIX.

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Taylor fund
26 Feb. 1906

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PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

OUR Author, of his Rural Muse afraid,
 Calls in, To-night, plain Sonnet to his Aid.
 His Scheme, I told him, might some Judgment shew,
 Could he have call'd in skilful Voices too.
 To that he answer'd— Let your Sounds have Sense,
 Old England will with English Throats dispense,
 And take what's well design'd, for Excellence.
 'Tis not our nice Performance is the Thing;
 Good Songs will always candid Hearers bring;
 Provided---we find *Airs*, which they themselves may sing.
 An English Song, ill sung, will please Good-nature:
 You've some Delight, to know you sing it better.
 If Songs are harmless Revels of the Heart,
 Why should our native Tongue not bear its Part?
 Why after learned Warblers must we pant,
 And doat on *Airs*, which only they can chaunt?
 Methinks 'twere hard, if, in the cheerful Spring,
 Were none but Nightingales allow'd to sing!
 The Lark, the Sparrow, and the plain Cuckooe,
 Have all an equal Right, to chirp and wooe:
 Ev'n France in that her Liberty maintains;
 Her Songs, at least, are free from foreign Chains,
 And Peers and Peasants sing their native Strains.
 Time was, even here, when D'Urfey vamp'd a Song,
 The same the Courtier and the Cobbler sung.
 What tho' our Connoisseurs may love Champagne;
 Must never English Ale go down again?
 Must no Mouths drink, but what at Taverns dine?
 All Pockets reach not honest Jephson's Wine.
 Since then, of late, you've given our Hopes some Gound,
 Since plain October has your Favour found,
 Why Troth! ev'n mend your Draught, and let old Songs
 go round.



The PERSONS.

Arcas, A Nobleman of great Possessions in *Aradia*. } Mr. Mills.

Ægon, His Friend. Mr. Harper.

Amyntas, Son to *Arcas*, in Love with *Pastora*. } Mr. Williams.

Iphis, Son to *Ægon*, in Love with *Ianthe*. } Mrs. Thurmond.

Philautus, A conceited *Corinthian* Courtier, pretending to *Pastora*. } Mr. Cibber.

Corydon, An Old Shepherd. Mr. Griffin.

Cimon } Simple Brothers, in Love { Mr. Miller.
and } with *Phillida*. { Mr. Oates.
Mopsus }

Damon, An Inconstant. Mr. Ray.

Ianthe, } Daughter to { *Arcas*. } Mrs. Cibber.
Pastora, } { *Ægon*. } Mrs. Lindar.
Phillida, } { *Corydon*. } Mrs. Rastor.

SCENE, *The Arcadian Fields*.

LOVE



LOVE *in a* RIDDLE.

A P A S T O R A L.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A R C A S *alone.*

A R C A S.



HAIL! to the rising Day! Hail! waking
Nature!
Ye verdant Plains, ye Hills, and fertile
Valleys,
Ye lowing Herds, and fleecy bleating
Flocks,
Ye warbling Groves, and murmuring
Fountains, Hail!

Once yet again I see the annual Morn
That gave me Birth, and counts me into Age.
O! *Phæbus* hear! God of refulgent Skies! [Kneels.
All-glorious Ruler of revolving Light,
Author of Medicine, and immortal Song,
Deign to receive these Thanks of Adoration!
Thanks for thy Course of rolling Years enjoy'd,
That thus have, unafflicted, born me through
The various Periods of appointed Life!

The Spring of Infancy, Summer of Youth,
 The reaping Autumn of experienc'd Man,
 Down for the Winter of unaching Age.
 Thanks to the Comforts of a genial Bed,
 Now ripening to the Joys of Love, and Virtue.
 Such are the Blessings from thy Beams receiv'd,
 And these, O *Phœbus*! are the Thanks we pay thee,

Ægon singing within.

Hark! from the Vale, I hear the jovial Voice
 Of *Ægon*, blyth, and lusty, as the Summer,
 Nor bending to the Burthen of his Years;
 Jocund he comes, and chaunting to the Day,
 With friendly Gratulation—*Ægon*, Hail!

Enter Ægon.

Health, and the Blessings of the Morn, be thine,
Æg. Why ay, my Lord! this Day is blest indeed!
 It gave you Life, and me the best of Friends;
 And to that Friend I owe my jovial Heart.

A I R I.

Ye Nymphs, and Swains,
With Melody hail the Day;
Make Holyday round the Plains,
All jollily dance and play.
This happy, glorious Sun
Gave to your Fields a Lord,
Of all your Hopes the Crown,
And, to your Folds, the Guard.
Let the Man to all so dear
With rural Pan be sung:
To the next, and next good Year,
Here may he live blest, and long.

Art. Thanks to thy Love: thy jolly Voice, tho' rough
 As is the Billow curling to the Beach,
 Revives the Images of Pleasure past,
 When Mirth and Revels were excus'd by Youth.

Æg. Excus'd by Youth, my Lord! You make me smile:
 Is there a stated Time, in this short Life,
 That makes it Wisdom to be sad,
 Or Weakness to be happy! No:
 Let Policy, or Guile, disguise their Face!

Love in a Riddle.

3

But Honesty dares hold it to the Sun !
May we have Cause for Gladness, and not shew it ?
Was't not this happy Day that gave you Birth ?
Are you not Lord of these *Arcadian* Plains ?
Where, like the Substitute of Heav'nly Power,
You dole the Blessings you from thence receive,
And make a People, by your Bounty, happy.
Yet not more blest by Bounty, than Example :
Your Life has taught those Virtues, you reward.
And is not this a Cause for general Joy ?
Are you not still the same belov'd Lord *Arcas* ?
Are you not still that honest Nobleman ?

Arc. Suppose me so——

Æg. —Why then, my Lord, let those
Be sad, who never wore but half that Title !
Let our *Corinthian* Lords be grave, and graceless :
The Privilege of Honesty is Mirth !

Arc. Yet Charity becomes the Cheerful too.

Æg. Mine, Sir, begins, where their Court-Friendship
At home : Therefore I say we're happier Men, [ends,
Yet only happy, as we're better too :
Shall Virtue then not taste her Benefits ?
Shall only Knaves and spendthrift Heirs be jovial ?
The Cheerfulness of Knaves is Impudence !
Have Courts of Joy, like sound Integrity ?
When they shew that, I'll own 'em wise ; till when,
Let us be plainly pleas'd with Happiness.

Arc. O *Ægon* ! were I capable of Envy,
Thy turn of Mind would tempt me to repine !
Why have not I this cheerful Taste of Life ?
Why seems my Plenty less than thy small Store ?
What are my Wants ? where are my Wishes bounded ?
And yet——

'Twere happier to be *Ægon*, than be *Arcas*.

Æg. You make me triumph o'er your Learning !
You, who have all Philosophy can wish,
Have made a Man much happier than your self,
By giving him a Tythe of your Possessions.

Arc. Wouldst thou have more ?

Æg. —More than enough, Sir ? No.

To crave, is Poverty; Contentment, Riches:
Your Tythe's almost too much for me.

Art. Thus Riches, when not wanted, lose their Name.

Æg. And, when possess'd by Prodigals, their Power.
Even so it is, not Weakth, nor Wisdom, Sir,
'Tis Constitution gives us Happiness:

Nature has made you pensive, and me sanguine:
You think your Virtues are a wise Man's Duty,
And therefore wear them, with a serious Brow;
Now, Sir, the Few, that I can boast, I think
Are Blessings too, therefore as such, enjoy them.

A I R II.

*He that wears a Heart
Void of Art,
Has Joys unknown
To the greatest Men;
Who, Nine in Ten,
Beneath their Greatness groan.*

*Riches are fine things,
That have Wings,
And will away:
But an honest Mind
Will ever find
Content will with it stay.*

*He, whose open Soul is clear
From Fraud, Disguise, or Guile,
May all the Frowns of Fortune bear,
And at her Malice smile.*

*Greatness, that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing:
What more than Mirth would Mortals have?
The merry Man's a King.*

*But he that, by Deceit,
Dares to be meanly great,
Will find, in his counting up,
What did mount him up,
Will make him many Foes,
Greater far than he knows,*

Whom

Love in a Riddle.

5

Whom nought will gratify,
No Words will satisfy,
'Till he low lies again,
Never to rise again :

Who then will envy his Fate ?

But he that by Deceit, &c.

What ! not a Note, not answer to my Ditty ?

Arc. Excuse me, if I taste not now thy Muse,
Nor joyn thy Carrols, with my usual Glee. [Mind :

Æg. Nay then, my Lord, there's something loads your
You wrong my Friendship, if you hide your Griefs.
Give me my share ! Out with the worst at once.

Arc. Griefs I have none, but I confefs have Fears,
And Doubts, that fill me with Anxiety.

Have we not each our Children's Happiness
In care ? The Crisis of their Fate is now.

Æg. And why, Sir, should you doubt their Happiness ?

Have not our Precepts grounded them in Virtue ?

Has not indulgent Nature given them Beauty ?

And our *Arcadian* Manners Innocence ?

Have they not been, from Infancy, Companions ?

Their Lessons, Labours, and their Sports the same ?

Have I not watch'd them, with a jealous Eye ?

Yet never found a Warning, to suspect them.

At length, their blooming Friendship pays its Promise,

Obeys the Season, and matures to Love.

Whence then this anxious Doubt of their Misdoing ?

Arc. Perhaps, dear *Ægon*, I'm too diffident :

For though we've chang'd our Children, to prevent

In mine the conscious Pride of Birth ; in thine,

To aid, with Birth, the Sentiments of Virtue :

Yet Nature still may be mis-led by Fortune :

Thus mine, believing *Ægon* is their Sire,

With views of Interest may dissemble Love,

Which unsuspecting Innocence may hear ;

So thine, supposing *Arcas* is their Father,

In scorn, to mingle with inferior Blood,

May slight those Virtues, which deserve their Love.

Æg. These Apprehensions might in Courts be just :

But here, where Love, without Ambition, reigns,

'Tis

'Tis not high Birth, or Lands, or number'd Flocks;
But wealth of Virtue in the fair and young,
That gives the Nymph her Charms, the Swain his Merit.

A I R III.

*Let Wealth and Power enslave the Great,
Where Hearts are barter'd for a Name,
Here Love alone can Love create;
And Truth supplies the lasting Flame.*

Arc. Still, I'm inclin'd to have their Virtue prov'd
True Love is better known, by Grief, than Joy,
As Hope is often measur'd by our Fear.
Therefore (but not without my Friend advising)
I have some thoughts of offering thy *Pastor*
The noble *Philemon's* Heir, the gay *Philantus*,
Polisht in Courts, and skill'd in Vanities;
If then her Heart can stoop to such a Lure—

Æg. I take your Meaning; and as just approve it:
If, when you offer to her Arms *Philantus*,
She shews a Fear, that you may force her Will,
That Fear will force her Love to own *Amyntas*:
If she admit *Philantus*, *Amyntas*, then,
Will well escape a Maid, below his Love,
And the proud Girl with her own Choice be punisht:
Then, let her hence, to blaze in Courts: Vain Wives
And shallow Husbands are no Monsters there.

Arc. Yet hope a better Consequence: The Maid
Wants no Attraction, that commends her Sex.
Nor do I name *Philantus*, that I doubt her;
But that her Virtue may have Lustre from her Choice,
And, to *Philantus*, poor *Amyntas* be preferr'd.

Æg. My Life, then, answer, that her Choice con- [tents you
The gaudy, tinsel Merit of *Philantus*
Will have a tarnisht Hue, to your *Amyntas's* Virtue.

A I R IV.

*Our Nymphs on the Plains
Among Swains
Have their Joys, that no Courts ever gave:
Where the married in Chains,
And long Trains,
Carry Sorrow, in Pomp, to their Grave,*

Love in a Riddle.

7

Arc. Thy Confidence, my Friend, has quell'd my
Be then, for *Amyntas*' Sake, *Pastora* prov'd: (Tears.
But we have still our younger-born unfixt;
How stand we there in Hope? —

Æg. ————— If I guess right,
A tender Passion too is kindling there:
Ianthe seems of late reserv'd to *Iphis*:
The Youth more pensive, and the Nymph more gay;
The usual Consequence of Love declar'd,
And Love with Maiden Modesty approv'd.
She flies, 'tis true, but flies to be pursued;
And urges the Pursuit, to sound his Love.

Arc. Let him pursue: I would not wish the Maid
Should, on his Summons, yield to *Iphis*' Birth.

Æg. But see, *Amyntas* comes; from him perhaps
More may be gather'd to assist our Measures.
Amyntas ho! whither so fast, my Son?

To them *Amyntas*.

Am. *Pastora* tells me, Sir, a favourite Lamb
Is missing from her Flock. At her Request
I to the neighbouring Folds am hying. —

Æg. — — — — — Stay;
I have a while, my Son, to talk with thee.
You see, by Lord, even Maids in Love are Woers.
Pastora would, but cannot, hide her Flame.
How amorously coy! This Hint betrays it.
A Lamb is stray'd—why his the Charge to find it?
Her Heart, she means; her Breast, the Fold that lost
Yet he, fond Youth, in honest Fear mistakes her. (it!)

Arc. The modest Lover recommends his Flame:
But to our other Point. —

Æg. — Come near, *Amyntas*.

Am. Health, and the Rays of many a smiling Morn,
Like this, prolong the Days of *Arcas*.

Arc. *Amyntas*, I am Debtor to thy Love.

Æg. I have observ'd of late, Lord *Arcas* Son,
Young *Iphis*, holds thee near his Heart, *Amyntas*:
Of course, his Joys and Cares are known to thee.
Now then, be just, my Boy; answer directly;
Has he yet ever told thee, that he lov'd?

Am.

Am. Never—— he never told me, that he lov'd.

Æg. *Amyntas*, thou repeat'st my Words, as thou
Wouldst hold me to their literal Sense : Take heed !
Evade not what I mean——

Am. —— I take your Meaning :

My Father knows, what's fit his Son should answer.

Æg. Know'st thou then ought unfitting me to ask ?

Am. Your Question then, Sir, would require no Answer.

Æg. How ! so blunt ! Am I not thy Father, Boy ?

Am. Such, Sir, my daily Prayers to Heaven, confess
Nor shall my Father sigh, that I'm his Son. (yo

Arc. No, generous Youth, thy Father sighs——
own thee.

Æg. Whence are these half Replies ? be full, I say
And tell me what thou know'st of *Iphis*' Love.

Am. The Precepts you have taught me reach no farther
Pardon my Doubts ; for I am yet to learn, (the
That Duty can dispense with broken Friendship.
'Till he declares he loves ; am I to accuse him ?

Æg. Darest thou not make thy Father Judge of what
May wrong thy Friend ? ——

Am. —— I dare : I've told my Fears :
If they're unjust, condemn ; if not, forgive them.

Arc. The faithful Boy ! *Ægon*, I must embrace him
Believe me, Youth, thy dearest Father's Arms
Ne'er held thee to his Heart with fonder Joy.
Excuse him, Friend——

Æg. —— — What you applaud, my Lord,
Needs not Excuse ——

Arc. —— O *Ægon* ! Friend indeed !
How shall I thank thy Care for such a Son.—— [Appl
Thy Fear, *Amyntas*, to unfold thy Friend,
Commends thy Truth, and merits his Esteem.
However, to preserve thy Faith unblemish'd,
I give thee, with my Hand, my Word, whate'er
Thy Candour shall inform me of his Love,
My Boy shall never think a Wrong to him,
Nor find, from me, Ocasion to reproach thee.

Am. This, Sir, unties my Tongue ; my inmost
Like a fair Volume open to your reading. (Thought

Arc. Thou saidst he never told thee, that he lov'd?

Am. Never—

Arc. — Yet thou believest his Grief is Love?

Am. Alas; my Lord, a Youth so happy in
His Sire, so fam'd for Virtue, Birth, and Feature,
What strange Misfortune can disturb, but Love?

Arc. Speak without Fear! Love is a venial Frailty.

Am. 'Tis true, when kindled by an Object worthy:

But Nature calls not Wisdom to her Council,

And sometimes chuses with a youthful Eye. (him.

Eg. Be brief, and name the Nymph, that has engag'd

Am. Let me not wrong him, Sir; I may mistake

Her Name, which yet I have declin'd to know.

Eg. What were thy Reasons to avoid that Secret?

Am. Because I fear'd, if known, my Duty might

Compel me, at the Risque of his Esteem,

To inform a tender Father of his Weakness. (ful?

Arc. Thou then hast Cause to think his Passion blame-

Am. What shall I say? For you, my Lord, are twice

My Sire, a Father to my Sire, and me!

Nay more, you honour him with Friendship!

I too have a Friend, and would deserve him!

O whom shall I oblige! whom dare I offend?

Arc. Neither; *Amyntas*; both shall be oblig'd.

Am. Pardon my Doubts; but since your Word supports

Take my Suspicions, as my Eyes have caught them. (me,

Arc. Give me the Nymph, whom thou suspect'st he
loves.

Am. Since I must speak— *Ianthe*, Sir, my Sister,

With undesigning Charms, I fear, has seiz'd

His youthful Heart; yet shuns the glorious Prize.

Arc. 'Tis well, *Amyntas*— I am still in Temper:

And since my Word has wrought thee to this Trust,

Darest thou yet make me farther Creditor,

And, by a more implicit Faith, oblige me?

Am. A Confidence in you, is scarce a Merit;

Favours when ask'd, by Virtue, are conferr'd.

Arc. Thus then, *Amyntas* --- when thou find'st my

In friendly Converse, would disclose his Love; (Son,

Incline to hear him, and condole his Sorrows:

But

But when he names *Ianthe*, as their Cause,
 Turn to Amazement, and reprove his Weakness!
 Dislike, object, discourage, blast his Hope!
 Urge my Displeasure, and *Ianthe's* Scorn!
 Recount Examples of clandestine Love,
 Whose joyless Hours have groan'd in live-long Woe.
 Set all the Terrors of Distress before him,
 And leave the Guidance of his Fate to me.

Am. My Lord, you have bound me to a mournful
 But since I know your Nature just, and gentle, (Tas
 I will believe you act like heav'nly Power,
 That strews our Way to Happiness, with Thorns:
 Some wondrous Secret, sure, unripe for Birth,
 Tho' for a Season wrapt in low'ring Clouds,
 Must break at last, and spread a golden Day.

Arc. Time suits not now, to give thee more, *Amyntas*
 Let it suffice that *Iphis* is my Hope. (tas
 Mean-while, we leave thee to thy Charge in hand.
 Be faithful to thy Trust, and serve thy Friend.

[*Ex. Arc. and Egon*]

Am. Ambiguous still! Yet where remains the Doubt
 When *Arcas* has declar'd I serve my Friend?
 But where's the Friend can help forlorn *Amyntas*?
 If *Iphis*, sprung from noble Blood, despairs
 Of his *Ianthe*, born so far below him;
 What then, *Amyntas*, is thy wretched Portion?
 How must *Pastora*, should she know thy Love,
 Redouble all her Scorn for thee, and on
 A Brother's Heart revenge a Brother's Pain?
 Yet why (since Love was never deem'd a Crime)
 Should Virtue sink abandon'd in Despair?

A I R V.

Love's a Tempest, Life the Ocean,
 Passions crost the Deep deform;
 Rude and raging tho' the Motion,
 Virtue fearless braves the Storm:
 Storms and Tempests may blow over,
 And subside to gentle Gales;
 So the poor despairing Lover,
 When least hoping, oft prevails.
 Love's a Tempest, &c.

But

Love in a Riddle.

13

But see! sad *Iphis* comes! with heaving Heart,
And pensive Face, he silent stalks along,
Lifting, with dewy Eyes, his Sighs to Heav'n!
Within this Shade, unseen, I may attend
His Mood, and farther know to serve him. [*Am. retires.*

Enter Iphis. (Flame?)

Iph. Why, why, fond Wretch, didst thou avow thy
Was not her Friendship more than Love could merit?
To every Wish, that Innocence could form,
(Task) Alternate Kindness, flowing from the Heart,
Fill'd up the Measure of our social Hours.
When to some distant Hill the Sports have call'd
The smiling Fair, unknowing of her Charms,
Thought it no Boon, to trust thee with their Treasures.
But now, O fatal Avarice of Love!

Amys To what Reverse of Fortune art thou fallen!
(ta) Now, at thy Sight, thy cold Companion flies;
d. Or heedless passing, with a downcast Eye,
Contracts her Beauty from thy pining Sense,
Egon Offended at their Power to wound, or cure.
Doubt O *Iphis*! now farewell thy Joys! farewell thy Peace!
Here, to the Musick of this gurgling Brook,
Join thy faint Voice, and tell the Woods thy Woe.
The fitting Winds perhaps may catch the Sounds,
And waft them to *Ianthe's* Ear.

A I R VI.

*While my Love was a Secret, no Swain
Was so blest, or so favour'd, as I;
No Pastime delighted the Plain,
But Ianthe, with Iphis would bye:
When I wrestled, or strain'd for the Race,
Her Bosom heav'd Wishes for me;
When I won it, she blusht with such Grace,
And cry'd---- O! the Garland's for thee.*

*But alas! since my Flame I reveal'd,
All her Kindness is turn'd to Disdain;
If she eyes me, she flies o'er the Field,
Or bids the Winds bear me complain.*

But

When

When the Nymphs, to my Sorrows more kind,
 Reproach the hard Heart of the Maid;
 From her Anger this Answer they find,
 " Fond Love --- has my Friendship betray'd.

Amyntas returns.

Am. I have attended, *Iphis*, to thy Sorrows,
 And now, no longer can suppress the Friend,
 Give me thy Grievs at large, and ease thy Heart.

Iph. *Amyntas*! have I still a Friend, in thee?
 A Friend, with whom I may repose my Grief?
 A Friend, that will with Candour hear,
 And chide me with Compassion? —

Am. ————— Yes, a Friend,
 That comes prepar'd, determin'd to assist thee.
 Name, then, the Nymph, that thus has robb'd thee of
 Thy self —

Iph. — Need I repeat what every Grove
 Has heard, what almost every Tree records?
 Rip up my Heart, and read *Ianthe* there!

Am. My Sister! is it possible! *Ianthe*!

Iph. She, she, *Amyntas*, has resolv'd my Ruin.

Am. Let me suppress my Wonder, till I hear
 Thy Tale: unfold, from first to last, the Spring,
 The Progress, and the Issue of thy Hopes.

Iph. Hear, and lament my Fate---I will not dwell,
Amyntas, with a Lover's Fondness, on
Ianthe's Charms, tho' on that one Theme
 O I could talk whole Midnight Moons to waining.

Am. Proceed: my Patience shall indulge thy Fond

Iph. Ere yet I was susceptible of Love, [ness
 Or that her Charms unblown could fear the Lover,
 A sympathetick Friendship join'd our Hearts,
 Our Innocence inseparable pass'd our Days:
 Nature, at length, with soft Maturity
 Spread o'er my youthful Cheek the manly Down:
 Then, with unusual Pulses beat my Heart;
 New Wishes found new Lustre in her Charms,
 And, on my gazing, Sighs uncall'd would rise:
 And yet, alas! so innocent my Thoughts,
 I knew not, then, 'twas Love, nor till this Hour

Perhaps

Perhaps had known, but that a fatal Proof
(Tho' at the Time transporting) since confirm'd it.

Am. Transporting! Ha! let me conceive thee, *Iphis*.

Iph. Mistake me not; the Proof, tho' sweet, was
harmless.

Am. Forgive my Fear, I ought t' have thought it so.
Pursue thy Tale——

Iph. —— ——— It happen'd, on a Day,

Pastora, fair *Ianthe*; and my self

Their Guide, returning wearied from the Chace,

Accepted, from a neighbouring Swain, Refreshment.

There as within the Honey-suckle Bower

We lay, whose waving Sweets enrich'd the Air;

A careful Bee, providing for the Hive

With busy Toil, from Flower to Flower, flew round us.

Pastora fearful of his Flight, with Blows

Mis-spent in Air, disturb'd his Diligence:

The Insect thus provok'd, with sudden Rage,

Darts on her Cheek his sharp invenom'd Sting.

The shrieking Maid, in Tears, deplor'd her Pain;

When kind *Ianthe* to her Succour flew,

And to the fiery Wound her balmy Lips

Apply'd: Then solemn to the Ear, she sung

Verbes of holy and mysterious Meaning,

(A Charm bequeath'd her by the Sage *Eudocia* :)

On this the angry Tumour was dispell'd,

And to her Cheek the usual Rose return'd.

Am. Happy Relief! have Magick Notes such Power?

But O methinks I feel *Pastora*'s Pain!

Iph. Who would not bear the Pain, to taste the Cure?

No, *Amyntas*, I rather must believe

The Charm receiv'd its Virtue from *Ianthe* :

For, sure! such Lips whate'er they touch must heal.

Am. But, *Iphis*, how couldst thou perceive, from

That Love had seiz'd thy Heart?—— [thence,

Iph. —— ——— Attend the Sequel

While I stood Witness of the charming Cure,

I saw such humid Fervour on her Lips,

Such willing Fondness sparkling from her Eyes,

Heard the sweet chirping Sound of every Kiss,

With such Delight—I wish'd the Wound my own
 At length so painful grew my tender Longing,
 That, on a sudden bursting from the Bower,
 In seeming Anguish covering with my Hand
 My Face, I writh'd like one in mortal Pain :
 The Cause inquir'd, I to *Ianthe* cry'd,
 Another Bee had pierc'd my raging Lip.
 She, unsuspecting of her Skill betray'd,
 Her Innocence unblushing at her Art,
 With sweet Convulsion drew my healthy Lip
 To hers, unknowing of the Joys I stole ;
 No Malady she found, but what she gave,
 A thousand Stings she shot into my Heart,
 Which since confess'd, her Scorn denies to cure.

Am. What on the Instant follow'd this Proceeding ?

Iph. As to our Home we onward took the way,
 I fondly smiling own'd the happy Fraud,
 Exulted on the Joy her Lips had given,
 And, to excuse the Fact, impeach'd my Love !
 At this, a red Confusion flush'd her Cheek ;
 Quick Anger darted from her flashing Eyes,
 Till mute Concern distill'd a falling Tear.
 Nor Prayers, Excuse, or Penitence prevail'd ;
 For, from that Moment, never would she speak,
 Regard, converse, or, unavowed, bear
 My Presence more.

A I R VII.

*Hence believ'd, ere she cou'd hate,
 Kind Nature wou'd her Laws undo,
 That Doves wou'd with the Falcons mate,
 Or Falcons to the Doves be true.*

*But, to my Ruin, now I see,
 The softest Heart is hard to me.*

Am. - - - - - Nor can I blame her, *Iphis* ;
 With Grief, I own thy Story has deceiv'd me ;
 Were these thy tender Motives for my Pity ?
 Fond Youth, thy wanton Fraud was too licentious ;
 What less, than Scorn, could Maiden Shame return,
 For injur'd Truth, and Innocence betray'd ?

Love in a Riddle.

15

Iph. O! *Amyntas*! then I am lost indeed!
 Reprov'd by thee too, I myself condemn;
 To merit her Disdain is Misery
 Compleat - - -

Am. - - Nay then I still must pity thee!
 Thy Resignation yet recalls the Friend,
 And sooths the jealous Brother to forgive.

Iph. O then confirm it by the dearest Proof;
 And soften, to my Sighs, *Ianthe's* Heart.

Am. No, *Iphis*; to confirm the Friend sincere;
 Against thy Love I must support thy Virtue:
 Thy Duty, Honour, Interest, and thy Fame,
 With Force invincible, oppose thy Hopes:
 Therefore, in time, fond Youth, restrain thy Passion.
 Fix on some Beauty equal to thy Birth,
 Preserve the Fountain of thy Blood unstain'd,
 And leave *Ianthe* to inferior Hearts.

Iph. Thy Words, *Amyntas*, like a Ponyard pierce me.

Am. Thy present Pain secures thy future Peace.

Iph. Can I have Peace, without *Ianthe's* Love?

Am. Canst thou be happy with diminish'd Honour?

Iph. Where Virtue is, the proudest Birth may bow.

Am. Take heed, rash Youth! thou hast an high-
 born Sister: (cepts?

How, in her Heart, wou'dst thou approve these Pre-

Iph. As thou wou'dst--if her Lover would applaud 'em.

Am. As I wou'd! I mistake thee sure; explain.

Iph. Suppose *Amyntas* for *Pastora* burn'd,
 Suppose *Pastora* shou'd approve his Flame;
 Then ask of Love, what wou'd *Amyntas* do?

Am. Admit me frail - - - were that a Plea for *Iphis*?
 He probes me to the Heart! sure he suspects }
 not. } *Aside.*

I must avoid the Subject, and retire.

Iphis, howe'er my Friendship is inclin'd,
 Compassion must not cancel Obligations:

Thy noble Father is our House's Patron:
 To serve thy Love, were to invade his Honour!

Therefore be early warn'd, and rein thy Passion,

Iph. Return to Duty, and abjure *Ianthe*.

Love in a Riddle.

A I R VIII.

*Fly, when she charms thee :
 Virtue alarms thee :
 Oppose her Beauty,
 With Fame and Duty ;
 Love without Honour's the Bane of our Joys ;
 When Beauty's blasted,
 Love is soon wasted ;
 Honour's a Blessing
 Out-lives possessing ;
 The Laurel of Fame no Thunder destroys.*

Fly, when, &c.

[*Ex. Amynt.*

Iph. Pursuade the Seas in Tempests to be calm !
 Forbid the vernal Flowers to blow——their Sweets
 To smell, or Seasons to regard the Sun !
 Such is the Power of *Iphis*, to recede :
 To change, is the Relief of luke-warm Lovers ;
 None can be happy, but who dare be wretched !
 Fortune may starve, but never change my Love.

A I R IX. and X.

*No, no, my Heart !
 Indure the Smart ;
 Whatever Pain
 Her Eyes ordain,
 My never-changing Love shall bear.
 From Charms so sweet
 There's no Retreat ;
 So just her Scorn,
 I still must burn,
 Tho' doom'd to sure Despair.*

*What tho' her colder Eyes may grieve me !
 This Consolation still I find,
 That, from my Sorrows, to relieve me,
 Kinder Fancy forms her kind.
 There, disarm'd of coy disdain ;
 Her yielding Sighs reward my Pain.*

Amyntas returns.

An. *Iphis* dispel thy Fears ; *Amyntas* is
 With Joy return'd, to gratulate thy Love.

Iph.

Iph. What means my Friend?

Enter Arcas.

Am. — — — Lord *Arcas* will inform thee.

Iph. My Father! Prostrate let me thus revere him.

Arc. Arise, my Son! recover so thy Heart,
And prosecute thy Love: Thy Friend *Amyntas*,
By my Appointment, tempting thy Desires,
With such fair Praises has adorn'd thy Truth,
That my fond Nature earns to indulge thy Vows,
And, far as my paternal Sanction may,
With Honour, in *Ianthè* to compleat them.

Iph. O kind *Amyntas*! Didst thou thus deceive me?

Arc. I know the Treasures of her Mind, as thou
Her Charms; I know that Happiness, in Love,
Is not the Gift of Fortune, or of Birth.
I know that Honour is adorn'd by Virtue,
That Title is, without it, but a Name:
Therefore when Virtue prompts thy Heart to love—
For worldly Views, I give them, to the Air!

Iph. How shall my future Life deserve this Good-
O *Amyntas*! I breathe again! and my [ness?
Discordant Heart resumes its Harmony!

A I R XI.

Away, away, Despair!

Leave me, Fear,

Pining Care!

Of Hope a dawning Light,

Kindly bright,

Dispels my former Woes:

Life is now soft Repose;

When Fears to Love Relief deny,

By one subdu'd, a Thousand fly:

When Hope is once in Sight,

All, all the rest is all Delight!

Arc. To give thee, *Iphis*, yet a farther Hope;
Egon, her Father, knowing my Consent
Had ratify'd thy Love, with Joy received
The News, and warn'd *Ianthè* of her Conquest,
This Moment he prepares her for thy Wishes,
And brings her, blushing, to receive thy Vows.

Iph.

B 3

Iph.

Iph. O sweet Relief ! O unexpected Joy !

Arc. Now good *Amintas* have I kept my Word ?

Am. And doubly have rewarded my Obedience.

Iph. And yet, alas, I fear. Now I may speak,
My Heart retreats, and trembles to be heard.

Arc. Who fears t' offend, takes the first Step to please.

Iph. But I, in such high Nature have offended—

Arc. Where the Offence is Love, the coldest Maid
Seldom exacts Repentance— see she comes!

By her fond Father's Hand conducted-- cheer thy Heart.

*Enter Ægon leading Ianthé, who stands some time
silent : Iphis kneeling at a Distance.*

A I R XII.

Æg. A lovely Nymph, and Swain,
At once adorn'd the Plain,
For whom the rest, in vain,
In Love were sighing.
No Lads, who saw the Youth,
But found her Heart in sooth
All over Flame and Truth,
And for him dying.

But Oh ! the Boy
To all was coy,
For he but one desir'd ;
The Nymph by all admir'd
Made him surrender.

The dainty Nymph, it seems,
Was farther, in Extreams ;
For tho', tis true,
She could subdue
The Heart of every Swain :
Yet all pursu'd in vain ;
None ! none could bend her.

Look there, my Darling—

Arc. ————— Fair Ianthé ?

Turn thy kinder Eye—

Am. ————— O lend thy pitying Ear.

Ian. Methinks I stand, like a poor hunted Deer
Within the Toil, by lifted Spears surrounded.

What

What is my Crime? Why am I here the Point
Of Publick Gaze, the Mark of chiding Eyes,
And general Reproach? Whom have I wrong'd?
Not *Iphis* sure! Unless my Friendship was injurious;
That once betray'd, could I do less than end it?
His Crime (Oh that my Memory could lose it!)
I sooner shall forget, than dare to pardon.

Iph. *Ianthe*, oh my Heart pines after thee!
By all our playful Hours of Infant Life,
Which almost Arm in Arm, our Innocence
Delighted, and delighting has enjoy'd,
By these my conscious Pangs of Friendship lost —

Ian. Thou hast defil'd it, *Iphis*, by Deceit!

Iph. O yet restore, restore me to myself;
Forgive, and call me to thy Friendship Home! (Shame.)

Ian. 'Twas once my Pride! remember'd, 'tis my

Iph. Alas, our Friendship was the Bloom of Love!
And Love the Promise of the Tree perform'd.

Is then the Fruit less pleasing than the Flower?

Ian. Yes — the white Hawthorn in its Bloom is
Its Fruit less neglected, or the Food of Herds. (fragrant,

Iph. O yet forgive; and never shall ungovern'd Love,
In conscious Word, or Look, offend thy Virtue.

Ian. That thou hast wrong'd me Once, is my Mis-
fortune;

If I am Twice deceiv'd, the Guilt be mine. [Going.

Æg. *Ianthe*, stay —

[She returns.

Iph. — Are These, *Amyntas*, my

Deluded Hopes? [He rises, and leans on *Amyntas*.

Æg. — No, I compel thee not,
Thy Heart shall ever, in thy Love, be free.

Ian. Thus let my bending Knee be thankful!
Say but my Heart is free! I ask no more.

Æg. Free as thy Bosom-Thought —

Æg. — Yes, fair *Ianthe*,

Howe'er my partial Fondness may regard
A Son distress'd, I still esteem thy Virtue;
Nor, with thy Father's Power, would thwart thy Wishes.
If thou art injur'd, right thy Maiden Wrongs;
If Love wants Motives to compose thy Breast,

The Voice of Power, or Interest, shall be neuter,
And leave thee free to Pardon, or Resent.

Ian. If I were capable of hating *Iphis*,
This Goodness might remove it! No, my Lord,
I am not yet so blinded by Resentment,
But that I can allow his Virtues still
Diffusive to the World: Why then am I
Distinguish'd by Offence? With Grief I speak it,
Why are those Virtues only blameable
To me? —

Iph. — Couldst thou behold thy Eyes, *Ianthe*,
Thy chiding Wonder of my Crime might cease.

Ian. Admit thy ill-placed Flattery were true,
Is that Excuse for Fraud, and injur'd Kindness?
For violated Faith, and sensual Insult?

Iph. How can the Guilt of *Iphis* taint *Ianthe*?

Ian. O weak Reply! 'tis not enough, that Maids
Are innocent; they must be thought so too.
And she, whose violated Modesty
Forgives, resents with a dissembled Anger.

A I R XIII.

*No, no, to pardon, were but approving
All that the Guilt of Love has done.*

*Hearts that o'erlook Offences in loving,
To their own Ruin blindly run,
No, no, to pardon, &c.*

*Virtue relenting
At humble repenting,
Is but inviting Offence to go on.
No, no, to pardon, &c.*

*She that dispenses
With first Offences
But makes with Delight the Crime all her own.
No, no, to pardon, &c.*

Iph. Lyons and Tygers might be sooner tam'd,
Than One obdurate Maid! Some pitying God
Look down, dissolve her frozen Heart, relieve
A Lover's Pain, and give her Eyes Compassion.

A I R

Love in a Riddle.

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A I R XIV.

Cupid! Intreat her.

Relentless Creature!

Must I slighted yield my Breath?

No.

Have I leave to love you?

No.

Can my Ruine move you?

No.

In Pity, give me Life, or Death!

No, no, no, no.

O painful Station!

Hard-fated Passion!

Can Youth and Beauty, Nature defy?

If Men have Right to love, Maids have to fly.

Cupid! intreat her, &c.

[Iphis turning from Ianthé, dejected, leans against a Tree, while Amyntas seems to talk to her apart.

Arc. I fear me, Ægon, we have gone too far!

Ianthé seems to triumph in the Power

We gave, and strains it to a Cruelty.

Æg. Give Nature Time! This Tide of Power may Virgins grow seldom Old, in Cruelty. (turn;

Their Tyranny is but a poor, short-liv'd Flower;

With Pride it blooms, but sooner fades than Beauty,

Am. 'Tis true, Ianthé, thou art free to chuse;

But something seems to that Indulgence due:

Thou seest the generous Arcas, and thy Father,

Though they impose not, recommend at least,

And, in their Silence, chide thy Coldness.

Ian. Leave me to pause.—Virtue! to thee, thus far,

Implicit have I paid Obedience! Now

Support, and cover with thy Wings my Weakness.

[Aside.

Am. If ever, Iphis, now resume thy Cause.

Ipb. Ianthé! though my Fault confess'd despairs

Of Pardon, let me hope my Punishment

At least extends not to thy rooted Hate!

Divide, if possible, the Lover from

The

The Friend; and to remember, that I, once,
Was unoffending *Iphis*— wear this Trifle.

[Offering his Crook

Ian. Accepted Presents, *Iphis*, are for Hearts
In Amity, and therefore suit not me;
Yet since, I find, the general Wish attends thee;
In Proof, at least, that I suspend Resentment,
One Gift I will receive, and only One.

Iph. O! quick pronounce thy Pleasure, and relieve
me!

Ian. Relieve thy self; on thee Relief depends!
Now, if thou canst, divine thy Life to come,
For thus our Goddess has resolv'd thy Doom!

Arc. *Ægon!* *Amyntas*, hear—

Iph. ————— My Soul attends thee!

Ian. Know then, impatient to redress my Wrongs
Before the Holy Shrine of chaste *Diana* [this Morn,
I prostrate threw me, and implored her Aid:
The Goddess smil'd propitious to my Prayers,
And to resent the Stains of *Iphis*' Love,
These Words her sacred Oracle pronounc'd.

“ That which He cannot have, shall *Iphis* give;

“ That, which Thou canst not give, or He desire:

“ That which He must not have, must Thou receive,

“ That! that's the Right thy present Wrongs require.

Iph. What jangling Paradoxes rack my Brain!

Arc. Can Love thro' Riddles only reach their } *Apart*
Hearts?

Æg. When I was young, I always found it so.

Ian. “ 'Till this, from *Iphis* She receive,

“ *Ianthe* never shall forgive.

“ When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,

“ Then to his Wish, his Love succeeds.

“ Now turn thee, *Iphis*, to thy Art.

“ Mean-while, like Friends compell'd, we part.

Iph. Can *Iphis* from *Ianthe* fly?

Ian. Will *Iphis*, what she asks, deny?

A I R X V.

Iph. Thus the plaintive Exile sighs,
Doom'd to leave his native Shore.

Ian.

Ian. Thus the cheerful Merchant tries
Seas and Winds, for golden Oar.
Iph. Winds, and Seas, with gentle Gales,
Sometimes waft us to Repose;
But the banish'd Lover sails,
Wreck'd with every Wind that blows.
Ian. Danger past delights the Mind;
Life, if always calm, would cloy;
In our proudest Hours, we find,
Sweet Relief is all our Joy.
Both. Sweet Relief, &c.

Iph. Death and Absence are the same.
Ian. Absence tries a constant Flame.
Iph. Constant Love should find Reward,
Ian. Love should all Commands regard.
Iph. Truth and Love sometimes persuade.
Ian. Love and Fate will be obey'd.
Both. { Fate } and { Love shall } be obey'd.
 { Love } { Fate will }

[All but Ianthe go off,

Ian. 'Tis done! his tender Passion is reveal'd.
What I endure, lies here, a Load conceal'd.
Call not for Pity, *Iphis*, of thy Pain;
Unless thy Thoughts conceiv'd what mine sustain.
My Love, by Pride suppress'd, was harder born
Than all thy Anguish, from *Ianthe's* Scorn.
Unequal, Nature, are thy Laws ordain'd!
By thee, we're taught to love, by thee, restrain'd:
While lordly Man no sooner feels thy Fire,
Than he, unblam'd, avows the soft Desire,
Melts with complaining Sighs our Hearts away, (tray:
Till what, with Pain, we hide, our conscious Eyes see

ACT

Ian.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ARCAS and ÆGON.

Arcas. O *Ægon*! how shall I requite thy Love?
 Much for *Amyntas*' Virtue is thy Due;
 But for *Ianthe* more! A Female Mind,
 So greatly rais'd above her humble Fortune,
 So justly jealous of her Maiden Fame,
 So warm, yet graceful, in her firm Resentment;
 So fearful to forgive, so sweetly loth
 To punish, where paternal Pity pleaded!
 A Heart so finish'd in the Mold of Virtue
 Raises my Wonder high as my Content!
 These, *Ægon*, these are Blessings, from thy Care
 Deriv'd, which *Arcas* never can repay.

Æg. Has not your equal Care of my *Pastora*
 More than repay'd the Debt of your *Ianthe*?
 And does not *Iphis* ballance your *Amyntas*?
 Talk not of Obligations then, unless
 You would inquire, what *Ægon* owes to *Arcas*!

Arc. Let them be mutual then: what Virtue gives
 Is always so: When Friends, on Friends, confer,
 To give, or to receive, is equal Pleasure.
 Now tell me, *Ægon*, speak thy real Thoughts,
 What must we judge of cold *Ianthe*'s Conduct?

Æg. That Education has assisted Nature,
 And given her Prudence to conceal her Love.

Arc. Her Love! why was the Riddle then impos'd?
 For, if she loves, her Hopes are there in Hazard:
 If *Iphis* never should have Skill to solve it,
 On her own Heart her Cruelty recoils.

Æg. 'Tis true: but Nature is, in female Hearts,
 So shy, they sometimes will endure more Pain
 To hide, than to accomplish their Desires.
 But here, alas! the Danger's soon remov'd.

'Tis but her whispering some Bottom-friend,
Who kindly may betray the Trust to *Iphis*.

Arc. Suppose she never make that Trust!—

Æg. - - - - - Know then,
That I, myself, already have unty'd it.

Arc. 'Tis more than I can reach; explain it—

Æg. - - - - - No.
Your Heart's too tender to conceal it long.

You, on the first Distress of *Iphis*, would assist him.

Arc. Well! take thy own Course, till proper time de-
Now, *Ægon*, turn we to our other Care. [mand it.

Philaustus is this Day arriv'd from *Corinth*

In gorgeous Pomp, to make his Conquest sure;
The Fame, he tells me, of my Daughter's Charms,
Hath drawn him from the Crowd of Courtly Beauties,
Whose Rival Hearts, in vain, have sigh'd to hold him,
To lay his Fortunes at *Pastora*'s Feet.

Æg. This Froth and Vanity must yield us Sport.

Arc. I leave his Follies, *Ægon*, to thy Charge;
Thy jovial Tongue will play upon his Pride,
And better sound the Shallows of his Heart.
But I must, as befits his Birth, receive him:
Nor, for his Father's sake, must slight his Weakness.

Pastora shall be inform'd of his Arrival:

Bring thou *Amyntas* to their Interview:

Where, when he sees, in form, the high *Philaustus*
By my own Hand presented to *Pastora*,
Then shall we prove, how far his secret Flame
Can bear a Rival, or deserve a Mistress.

Æg. First, let me trespass on your gentle Patience:
This Way I see old *Corydon* advancing:

He comes, by my Appointment, to complain
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his Daughter;
And hopes, that your Authority will right him.

Arc. 'Tis true! somewhat of this *Pastora* told me.

Æg. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.
Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Moplus, Damon, and
other Shepherds.

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*,
Lord of our Lands, and Flocks.—

Arc.

Arc. — — — Good Neighbours, welcome!
What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare?

Cor. Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to speech;
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage.
And that she might not dye a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dow'r, in present; at my Death, the rest.
'Tis true, 'tis little; but still, the Half is Half!
Now here, so please you, I have found her out
A pair of wholesome Youths, to take her Choice of:
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*!
Their Means, and Manners, suit her Breeding well,
And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Cim. Yes, and please you, Both cruelly in Love.

[Half crying]

Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Arc. A little Patience, Friend—

Mop. — — — Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!
That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong!

Cor. Fy! fy! *Mopsus*! now thou art worse than he

Arc. On with thy Tale—

Cor. — — — Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,
Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtship,
Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief!
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.
And why? because, forsooth! she loves another!
But how! how is her Love dispos'd? Why thus!
This pranking gamesome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs, and Gambols, has I think bewitch'd her.
His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds,
And all the idle Day they toy and sing together.

Cim. Ay so they do, and please you—

Cor. — — — Nay, nay, *Cimon*! [tho'—

Cim. Well, well! I've done: but I'm sure it's true

Cor. So nothing now will down with her but *Damon*.
And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her!

The Fo

The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,
Has little Hope to scape being made his Breakfast :
For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,
And openly defies my Power to force him.
A hard Defiance to a tender Father ! [Weeps.]
Now, good my Lord ! 'tis true you're not our King,
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you.
But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
The Men were branded here, that scorn'd your Pleasure.
And the great Good you do us every Day,
Will make your Word go farther, than a Law :
So if your Pity think my Case is hard,
I leave the Manner how, to your great Wisdom ;
And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's Sorrow.

Arc. O *Ægon* ! how affecting is the Tongue
Of plain Simplicity — The honest Wretch !
He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,
Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.
Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor Extent of Power, will serve thee.
But hear we now, what others may reply.
Damon, thou 'ast heard this good old Man's Complaint ;
Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection ?

Dam. My Lord, I mean the Lads no harm, not I :
'Tis true, I like her Lip, and so I do
Some twenty others ; and twenty others may
Have all the same Demand to marry me !
But, 'las-a-day ! tho' Kissing goes by Favour,
A Man can't marry every Girl he kisses !
Were that a Claim, then she, that first was kiss'd,
Should first be married ; so I hope, my Lord,
I shall not be bound to do One right, in wrong
To Hundreds, that should come, in turn, before her.

Æg. Sirrah ! thou mak'st thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Dam. Not so hard, good Master ; for Maids some-
Are slippery Bits, as well as we ; and he [times]
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but sorry Sport a shooting. [note thee]

Æg. Knave ! thou'rt a Nulance ; all thy Neighbours
For a Poacher : When Nuts are ripe, he cracks, You

You half the Apron-strings, around the Country.

Arc. Gently, *Aegon*; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his Thoughts,
Well *Damon*, what Amends to *Corydon*?

What shall I say I have done to right his Daughter?

Dam. Why let the Damsel please her self, my Lord
If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her Choice.

If to make Life a Frolick— Here's her Man.

There's no great hardship, where the Will is free:

As she must first content before she kisses,

I hope she'll first have mine, before I marry.

For though some Men have hang'd themselves for

Yet, I have known my Betters think a Wife [Maid,

The worst of Halters; so whate'er betide me,

I hope, you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence.

Arc. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride, a Punishment?

Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still.

And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

A I R I.

The Man, for Life,

That takes a Wife,

Is like a thousand dismal Things:

A Fox in Trap,

Or worse, may hap;

An Owl, in Cave, that never sings.

Dull, from Morn to Night

He hates her Sight,

Yet he, poor Soul! must end. re it.

Bed of Thorns!

Head of Horns!

Such a Life!

Rope, or Knife,

Can only cure it.

II.

A Bull at Stake,

To merry make,

He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong!

Like Dog, and Cat,

Or Puss, and Rat,

He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.

But the Man that's free,

Is like the Bee,

While every Flower he's tasting.

Never cloy's,

With his Joys :

Day, or Night,

New Delight

Is only lasting.

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him falsely ;
He owns himself more wicked, than I spoke him.

Arc. 'Tis true, as such we shall consider him.

Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propose

[To Cim. and Mop.

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mold.

There stands the Maid ; if you have ought to urge,

That may prefer your Hopes to *Amor's*,

Take this Occasion to avow your Love :

You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

Cim. Ah ! Sir, an 'like you, I have no Heart to speak ;
She flouts, and glowts, at me, from Morn to Night.

See how she looks now ! 'cause she can't avoid me. *ness.*

Arc. Take Courage, Man ; 'tis but her Maiden Shy-

Cim. D'ye think so, Sir ? Why then I will take Heart !

If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

A I R II.

There's not a Swain,

On the Plain,

I would be blest as I,

O could you but, could you but, on me smile :

But you appear

So severe,

That trembling with Fear,

My Heart goes pit a pat ! pit a pat ! all the while !

When I cry,

Must I dye ?

You make no Reply,

But look shy,

And with a scornful Eye,

Kill me with your Cruelsy :

How can you be, can you be,

How can you be, so hard to me ?

C

Al!

Ah! poor *Cimon*, thou art near the nearer!
Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her.

Cor. You see, my Lord, the Lad tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

Arc. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to *Mopsus*.

Æg. Come, *Mopsus*, now for thee, thy Heart seems

Mop. Ay! 'twas always so: I love to laugh, (cheerful)
Let things go how they will: why let her frown!
As long as *Cimon*'s us'd as ill as I,
It gives one's Mind a little Ease however!
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at!
So, as he's for singing an old Song sadly,
'Twill be but sad, to try a new one merrily.

A I R III.

When *Phyllida* milks her Cow,
How have I stood smirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream would flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerkin!
Thy whiter Bosom too so heav'd,
Half out, and half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd,
With a fit of laughing!
I could not hold from lau—ghing!
Half out, and half in!
Oh! to see them fall, and rise,
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the purest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died, with laughing,
With lau—ghing.

Æg. Well said, *Mopsus*! Thou sing'st it, from the
And 'tis a merry one— (Hear)

Mop. - - - Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words
To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

Arc. An honest Principle: Now, my good Friend
Let us enquire into thy Daughter's Heart:
For that must guide us—

Cor. - - - - *Phyllida*, come near!

Arc. Well, my fair Maid! is there, within my Power,
Ought, that may contribute to thy Happiness?
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my Lord,
I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;
I know my Father's Kindness means me well,
And I could wish I had the Power to please him;
But I am loth to lead a Savage Life:
And sure! these Lads were woful Company.

Cim. O scornful Maid! my Heart will burst with Grief!

[Cries.

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor Cimon's in a bitter taking!

[Laughs.

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse, from such Extrems of
Damon, with all his Infidelities,

[Folly,

Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible!
And I am more, than much afraid, I love him!
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless!
And I have try'd a thousand, thousand times,
To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do!
When e'er my Heart is open, in he comes!
Again submits, and is again forgiven!
Again I love, and am again forsaken!
Yet still he fools me on; and when he's absent,
With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

A I R IV.

What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free;

Yet do all I can,

I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,

Still, still he's the Man.

They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear:

When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can fear?

So, when you have said all you can,

Still—still he's the Man.

II.

Perceiv'd him once making Love to a Maid,

When to him I ran.

He turn'd; and he kiss'd me; then who could upbraid

So civil a Man?

Love in a Riddle.

The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly; he swore, I was blind;
 So, let me do what I can,
 Still—— still he's the Man.

III.

All the World bids me beware of his Art :
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man!
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
 Who can do more than they can ;
 He—— still is the Man.

Arc. Take Comfort, *Corydon* ; all yet may mend :
 Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
 Perswades me of her guarded Innocence!
 And though licentious *Damon* may deserve
 Severe Reproof ; yet for the Maiden's sake
 (For what he suffers, her fond Heart will feel)
 We will not harden him, by Punishment,
 But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.
 Of this bad matter make we then the best.
 If therefore, *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
 By Suit, or Service of his Love, can wooe,
 And win this gentle Maid, to be his Bride,
 The Dow'r. which her kind Father has declar'd,
 My self will double, on her Marriage-day,
 And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.

Cor. May all the Gods preserve the bounteous *Arta*!
 A double Portion! Now, my honest Lads,
 There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts!
 Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow!
 Now sing, and dance her down to your Desires!
 Now, *Phillida*, let faithless *Damon* see
 What Love, and Honesty have gain'd, by Truth;
 And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon* ; now's our Time!

Cin. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted ; my poor Hope
 Will never blossom, while she looks so frosty!

Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou seest he knows
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

Cum. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well said, my Boy! Ah! this joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry Pin!
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

A I R V.

When I follow'd a Lass, that was froward, and shy,

O! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply!

O! I took her so lovingly round the Waste,

And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast!

When hugg'd, and ball'd,

She squeal'd, and squall'd;

And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain!

Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again!

Yet I pleas'd, &c.

Then hoity toity!

Whisking, frisking,

Green was her Gown upon the Grass;

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!

Arc. Well done, my merry Heart! Come, Corydon,
Now let us leave these Lovers free to wooe,
And he that first subduing, and subdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r,
In farther Token of my Love, my self
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

Æg. Now for the Garland! —

Mop. - - - Live the noble Arcas!

Arc. Ægon! bring thou Amyntas to the Grove
Of Citrons, there Pastora shall receive

Philautus.

[Ex. Arcas and Ægon severally.

Cor. - - Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceless Damon bob'd! let him but wear
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave,

With Joy — [Exit Cor.

Dam. — So! now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again!

This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her Brain,
And set the Wind-mill of her Sex a going.

[Aside.
Mop.

Mop. Now! Cimon, now!

Cim. ——— I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the Elder ———

Cim. ——— But my Heart misgives me.

Phill. Still silent! no kind Offer yet from Damon?
Has Fortune no Effect upon his Heart? [Aside.

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone —

Mop. ——— Well then, be sure you back me.

A I R VI.

*Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender?*

Cim. *Faith, and Troth! I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.*

Mop. *Of us Boys,*

Cim. *Take thy Choice:*

Mop. *Here's a Heart —*

Cim. ——— *And here's a Hand too.*

Mop. *His, or mine.*

Cim. *All is thine.*

Both. — *Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

Phill. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd!

A I R VII.

*While you both pretend a Passion,
'T would be Cruel to chuse either;
To preserve your Inclination,
I must kindly fix on neither.*

To be just,

I now must

Make yours, and yours be equal Cases:

Therefore pray,

From this Day,

I never may behold your Faces.

Now be silent; if Damon is inclin'd
To speak, his turn is next, you've had your Answer.

Mop. Well! let him speak! mayhap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours
From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you;
Don't cry, Cimon; it only makes her prouder.

Cim.

Cim. She has given me such a kick o' the Heart,
I shall never recover it——

Phill.——Hark thee, *Cimon*!

I like thee better than thy Brother far.

Cim. O! the Gracious! do you truly, and truly?

Phill. I'll give thee Proof this Instant! take him hence,
And keep him from my sight, an Hour at least;
And when thou seest me next, come thou without him.

Cim. Give me thy Hand on't——

Phill. ——Hush! not now, they'll see us.

Away with him——

Cim. A Word's enough —— I'll do't.

Come, *Mopsus*, come away—— for I have a thing,
And such a thing to tell thee, Boy——

Mop.——What ails

The Fool! Thou'rt mad!

Cim. ——Mad! Ay, and so would you
Be too, were my Case yours; but come away.

Mop. Nay, not so fast, good *Cimon*——

Cim. ——Faster, *Mopsus*, faster.

Cimon hurries off Mopsus.

Dam. My charming Creature! this was kindly done!
Never was Favour, to a Fool, so well
Dissembled!——

Phill. ——Yes, I have learn'd, from you, Dissembling.
And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

Dam. Why so suspicious, *Phillida*? Don't I love thee?
Why all this Bustle, at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!
Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

Phill. No, *Damon*; Lips are but liquorish Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R VIII.

Dam. ——Away with Suspicion,
That Bane to Desire;

The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies:
The Rules of Discretion
But stifle the Fire;

On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

C 4

It has

Cim.

Love in a Riddle.

*What Folly to tremble,
Lest the Lover dissemble
His Fire?*

*Turtles that wooe,
Bill and cooe:*

*While we enjoy
We must be true!*

*And to repeat it, is all,
All we can desire.*

Phill. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart!
Thou know'st I love, and therefore wouldst undo me.

Dam. I know thou lovest, and therefore wouldst se-

A I R IX.

[cure thee,

Phill. While you pursue me,

Thus to undo me,

Sure Ruin lies in all you say.

To bring your toying,

Up to enjoying,

Call first the Priest, and name the Day;

Then, then name the Day.

Lasses are willing

As Lads, for billing,

When Marriage Vows are kindly prest.

Let holy Father

Tye us toge. her,

Then bill your Fill, and bill your best;

Then, then bill your best.

Dam. What, not a Hand, a Lip, for old Acquaintance?
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the whole?

Phill. No, Damon; now 'tis time to end our Fooling.
Consent to wed me, or forbear to love. [riage?

Dam. What! dost thou think to starve me into Mar-

Phill. I'll starve my self, but I'll avoid thy Falshood!
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Dam. No—nor I won't be pounded, while I can leap
A Hedge: So keep your Grass for Calves to graze on.
I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame,
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phill.

Phill. Do, leave me, do, and prove thy self a Tray-
Faithless, inhuman Damon! — (tor,

Dam. ——— Mighty well!

This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain!
And thou would'st make me madder than thy self!
A Husband! Death! a Mill-horse! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeless Round of Life!
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, still
To plod the Path, I trod the Day before!

O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

Phill. Abandon'd Damon! now I begin to hate thee.

Dam. I'm glad, my Mistress, that you'll speak your
Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches. [Mind!
But since I know your Play, Forsooth, hang lag,
Say I, and so farewell, fair Phillida.

A I R X.

Dam. I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,
And scatter Love around the Plains.

Phill. I'll starve my Love, and rather part,
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.

Dam. The Frowns of This, I ne'er take ill:
Where One denies, there's Two that will.

Phill. Since Maids by Kindness are undone;
Adieu, Mankind; I'll sigh for none.

Dam. No frozen Lass shall hold me long.

Phill. No Swain, that's false, my Love shall wrong.

Dam. Farewell! farewell—'tis time to part.

Phill. Thus from thy Hold, I tear my Heart,

Both. Farewell! farewell, &c.

The SCENE changes to a Pleasant Garden adjoining to
the House of Arcas.

Enter Arcas conducting Philautus, with Egon and A-
myntas.

Arc. Once more you're welcome, to our Cottage.
And what is wanting in Magnificence, [Sir;
shall be supply'd in Will, and Wishes, to delight you.

Phill. Your civiliz'd Deportment still retains
The Courtier—that suffices—You are polite.

Phill. You know my Birth, and what my Rank requires.

And

And tho' my Life has always stream'd with Pleasures,
I love sometimes t' unbend from crowded Courts,
And snuff the Rural Air—Your Hounds are good?

Arc. Of the old *Spartan* Breed: All staunch as Truth
High-mettled on the Scent, and in full Cry
The jolly Chorus thunders in the Vale.

A sporting Stag will better speak their Virtue.

Phil. We'll find an early Day. And now, my Lord,
Nothing seems wanting to compleat my Welcome,
But fair *Pastora*, and the Field before me!

A started Beauty strains me into Speed,
And like the Greyhound sweeps me to the Quarry.

Arc. Courtiers have Arts to make their Conquest
But where the Skilful, and the Graceful join,
Our Rural Virgins must on sight surrender.

Phil. She will not find it easy to escape me.

Eg. Sure, she will not find it difficult to try! [*Aside*]

Phil. In Court, our Dames have prov'd me, to the
Cost.

Arc. She gains a Conquest, that's by you subdued

Phil. Polite, and Courty! finely turn'd, my Lord
She gains a Conquest, that's by you subdued!
She does indeed! for I'm not easily pleas'd,

Eg. She is, I'm sure, that can be pleas'd with thee.

Phil. I, sometimes, have been nice to Cruelty.

Eg. If Modesty can charm, she's lost indeed!

Arc. But we delay my Daughter's Happiness:
Your Leave a moment, to conduct her. [*Exit Arc.*]

Amy. What sudden Terrors have o'ercastr'd my Heart

Eg. Well, Sir, we now shall see your Courty Skill
But let me tell you, that our home-bred Nymphs,
However easy to the humble Lover,
Can to the Heart, that comes assur'd of Conquest,
Assume a Bride, regardless as the Wind,
When on the Mountain's Head it bends the Cedar.

Phil. The Rural Bluntness, *Egon*, much delights me
We sometimes have, in Court, a Droll, like thee.
And when the Oddness of a Creature's pleasant,
We join the Laugh, and give their Humours way.

Eg. Just as we sometimes treat a Coxcomb here,
 now and then they come to steal our Daughters:
 though I ne'er heard their Sighs have much prevail'd.
Phil. But, honest *Egon*, thou shalt find, we Courtiers
 have sharper Darts, than simple Sighs, to shoot with.
 The Skilful do not ask, but give Relief.

Eg. Our simple Swains would thank you for that Se-
 cret, they are always humble, till the Nymph [cret,
 kind; and then they're simply grateful too.

Phil. O Rustick Notions! No, dear *Egon*, no.
 A Woman's Pride is pamper'd by our Fear:

He only can reduce that dares provoke it.

Eg. A Courage so determin'd must be sure
 Conquest, Sir, — But see! your fair Defiance.

Enter Arcas with Pastora.

Arc. This, my *Pastora*, is the Noble Youth,
 [Aside] Whom my Approvement offers to thy Choice:
 high is his Lineage, his Appointments equal;
 But my weak Praise would wrong his full Deservings:

Thou art thy self to judge of his Perfections,

For nothing is impos'd upon thy Will:

The brave *Philantus* scorns Advantages,
 And leaves his Cause to Love, that thy free Heart

May rather soften, to his own Persuasions,

[Aside] Than yield reluctant, with a cold Obedience.

Phil. Yes, lovely Maid! compell'd Affection stains

The Lover's Glory, and degrades his Conquest!

The generous Heart disclaims all Aids, but Love!

Yet be compos'd, I'll use a gentle Power:

I know the Terrors that invade your Sex,

When Love first makes his Onset of Desire;

Your Beauties tremble! and your Charms retreat!

I therefore shall a while suspend my Vows,

Till your own secret Wishes sigh to hear them.

All I, in present, shall propose, is first,

That with an Eye impartial you survey me;

Hear with Attention, willing to admire;

Then when you are inclin'd to speak — speak free!

Nor let your Virgin Coyness veil your Heart.

Past. Sir, I must own you have already cur'd

My

My Fears, those Fears, that ere you spoke, oppress'd
 At one short View, I read your Mind, and Person!
 Which equally have given Surprize, and Wonder!
 And since so generously you use your Power,
 As not t' enforce it, with a Father's Will;
 The least I can in Gratitude return,
 Is not alone to hear; but, on the Place,
 To answer what I hear: You may proceed,
 There seems no Terror in a Courtier's Love!

Phil. A Heart so dauntless stirs my Emulation!
 But let me tell you, Fair One, you have now
 Before your Eyes no common-moulded Lover;
 A Man less us'd to ask, than to refuse
 Your Sex's Favours! Beauty may have Eyes,
 Yet Men have Arts to give alternate Wounds.
 Thousands may hope, but few have equal Charms
 To fix a curious Heart - - - and yet, methinks
 Your Eye, my Fair, darts an unusual --- something
 That calls for farther gazing - - -

[After a long Pause, his Looks rising gradually to
 gracious Approbation, he proceeds.

- - - - - Virgin! You
 Have Beauty - - - I confess it; to be just,
 I own your Charms are worthy of my Thought;
 On your own Conduct, now, depends your Happiness.

Past. A Heart, that to our Sex has been so fatal,
 Deters the Passion which its Worth wou'd raise,
 Or leads th' Unwary to avoidless Ruin:
 And, to be free, I dare not trust you with Esteem.

Phil. Agreeable Suspicion. but I'll ease
 Your Fears, and make your Hopes, at once,
 Your Sex's Envy, and your Swain's Despair.
 Come, come, I read your Soul! such tender Scruple
 Never arise, but from the Heart inclining;
 The Lover scorn'd is never tax'd with Falshood.
 You see, my Fair, I know the Depths of Love,
 And all your coy Meanders of the Heart.

Past. How can you triumph, where you've won so

Phil. This Modesty alone were worth my Conquest

Past. I find, Sir, I dispute your Happiness in vain.

And since I can't persuade you to Despair,
 Thus let me warn our Sex's Vanity :

A I R XI.

No more, vain Virgins, boast your Power ;
 For Nature is inverted :
 To be blest, you must adore,
 Or be by Swains deserted.

Sweet Lovers now, at Sight, surprise,
 And give such wondrous Pleasure,
 That when the Nymph, despairing, dies,
 The Swain will design to ease her.

Phil. Engaging Creature! what remains, is now
 The Means to make your Conqueror, your Captive.
 An easy Task - - - but I'll explain the Secret.

A I R XII.

Tho' you, perhaps, my lovely Fair,
 Have Charms that greatly move me ;
 Yet all your future Pains, and Care ;
 Must be, to make me love you.

Your Fate alone depends on me,
 You are but what I make you ;
 Divinely blest, if I prove true,

Undone, if I forsake you. [Phil. turns to *Æt.*

Past. Nay then, 'tis time to undeceive his Folly!

But it repays the Pain, to find *Amyntas*
 Has been the Witness of our Interview :
 Sure the Contempt this Trifler has receiv'd,
 Will justify my Heart, and still preserve
 That soft Esteem, which he has ever shewn me.

Arc. Well, good *Amyntas*, tell me, and in Friend-
 ship,

What are thy Thoughts of this *Corinthian Noble* ?
 Would'st thou not wish *Pastora* to receive him,
 And give her Charms th' Improvement of a Court?

Am. Your Wisdom, doubtless, had resolv'd, be-
Pastora saw him, Sir - - - (fore

Arc. - - - Suppose it so,
 Yet I would gladly know how far thy Sense

May recommend, or disapprove, this Union.

Am. Since you descend, to ask a young Man's Coun-
 sel,

That

Aside.

Appl.

That mine, Sir, may be better justified,
Permit me to recite, what you yourself
Have oft commended, as the Virgin's Lesson,
Tho' much, I fear, my Skill will marr the Musick.

Æg. No matter; thou, at least, wilt give it Mean.

Am. That, Sir, were worthy of *Pastora's* Ear.

A I R XIII.

Virgins, beware how you fix on a Lover!

Beds of Flowers may harbour a Snake;

Gold and Silver gayly may cover

Heads that wander, and Hearts that forsake

Courtly Rovers,

When bound for Life,

Seldom Lovers

Prove to the Wife.

But on the Plains poor Swains are true;

Nor love themselves, but die for you.

Phil. Poor Swain! some slighted Lover, I presume.

Æg. A Lover favour'd, or my Eyes deceive me. [*Am.*]

Arc. 'Tis well apply'd, *Amyntas* --- follow me.

I have of Moment something for thy Ear.

A Lover, Sir, like you, that knows the Coast, [*To Phil.*]

Needs not a Pilot, when so near the Shore:

I therefore leave you to compleat your Conquest.

Phil. Your Complaisance has made *Arcadia*, *Corin*

Arc. Daughter, with Joy, I have beheld thy Conde

I see thou know'st to value Men, by Merit.

And that thy Heart may act more open to

Thy Wishes, I retire --- maintain thy Virtue.

[*Ex. Arcas and Amyntas. Ægon following, is*
tain'd by Philautus.]

Past. What can this mean? Is then my Father pleas'd
With the Contempt I have thrown upon this Stranger?

Whom he himself presented? Can it be?

'Twas by his Leave too, that *Amyntas* sung,

Encourag'd to address his Strains to me.

Take heed, fond Heart, nor flatter thy Desires,

Let Time, that undertakes thy Fate, confirm it. [*Am.*]

Phil. Believe me, *Ægon*, I desire thy Presence.

Without a Friend, a Mistress loses half

Her Charms. I love a Witness of my Power.
For what's a Triumph, where there's no Spectator?
All my Successes with the Fair are publick.

Æg. Well, Sir, I'll stay, in hopes that your fair Mi-
May, in her turn, have Cause to triumph too. (*Retires*)

Phil. 'Tis true, my Friend; my Favour is her Triumph;
Thou seest, we Courtiers know a shorter way
Than Sighing, to the Heart - - - - -

Æg. - - - - - 'Tis short indeed!
For I perceive not yet, you've said one Word,
So much to raise her Merit, as your own.

Phil. Why - - no - - not but I slightly own'd her
Charms

Had Power, and that's enough! The Art of Love
Is not to praise your Fair One to a Goddess,
But to dissolve her Pride, with Admiration,
And be yourself the Object of Desire.

Æg. Ay! there! you have, beyond Belief, succeeded.

Phil. But I have farther Subject for her Wonder.

Now, my fair Nymph! not that my Heart is vain,
But yet to shew the Value of your Conquest;

Permit me, to inform you of the Fate
Of a fam'd *Roman* Beauty, who at *Corinth*
Hearing of my intended Marriage, took
A mortal Draught, which ended, with her Hopes
Of me, her Life; and in her latest Pangs,
Turning her faint complaining Eyes upon me,
Farewel, vain faithless World, she cry'd! I die
A Victim to *Papilio's* Cruelty!

Past. Papilio! - - - -

Phil. - - - The Name her Fondness gave me.

Æg. Papilio!

Phil. - - - Yes: A *Roman* Appellation.
Observe its melting Softness - - - O! *Papilio!*
Sure, 'twas the gentlest Creature! - - - But however,
To give her, even in Death, her due Revenge,
And to immortalize her Passion, I

Compos'd an Ode, which the fam'd *Sappho* might
With Pride have own'd, and not have wrong'd her Geni-

Past. May we intreat the Favour, Sir, to hear it? (*us.*)

Phil.

Phil. My Voice, I doubt, will ill commend the Line
But what that wants, Expression shall supply.

A I R XIV.

*Cruel Creature,
Must I languish!
Savage Nature!
See my Anguish;
Doom'd to love, and love in vain!
O Papilio!
Can you fly me?
Can you, will you
Still deny me!
O Papilio!
One kind Look, to sooth my Pain!
Cruel Creature,
See my Anguish!
Hear a dying Maid complain!*

Æg. This is indeed a doleful Ditty, Sir.

Past. How could you let so soft a Creature perish?

Phil. Love, like Ambition, rashly seeks its Ruin.
Her Fondness set no Bounds to her Desire.

She grasp'd at more, than was her Beauty's Due.

Was mine a Heart to be ingross'd by One;

Where a whole Court had equal Claim to Favour?

Past. Ye Powers! are these your Principles avow'd
Are then the Laws of Honour, Nature, thus
Regarded? - - -

Æg. - - So! his Vanity, at last,
Recoils upon himself, and gives her Scorn

The fair Excuse of Honour, to renounce him. [*Aside*

Phil. And why, my Fair, so suddenly transported?

Past. Could you then think, a Heart, like yours, (stain'd
In Cruelty, could find Reception here?

Phil. I thought a Heart so eminently graced
With Conquests, only could deserve *Pastora*.

Past. No! to the *Manes* of your Roman Mistress,
That wretched Martyr of your cruel Nature,
My vengeful Hate shall make your Love the Victim.

A I R XV.

*How, inhuman faithless Creature!
 Could'st thou wrong such tender Youth?
 How, against all Sense of Nature,
 Kill such Innocence, and Truth?
 While thou sing'st her mournful Ditty,
 Base, remorseless, false Ingrate!
 Her Distresses move my Pity,
 And for thee, my mortal Hate.*

Phil. What new Extravagance of Love, my Fair,
 Has chang'd thy Gentleness to Jealousy?
 Can a dead Rival's Charms disturb thee? —

Past. ————— Yes!
 The Charms that had so well deserv'd thy Heart,
 Finding such cruel Treatment from thy Power,
 Confirm, what Charms inferior must expect,
 And warn the Wary to detest thy Love!

Phil. Nay now, thy Tenderness refines to Folly.

Past. Hence! from my Sight, lest worse than Scorn
 attend thee.

Æg. I doubt, Sir, here our Triumph has been push'd
 Too far —

Phil. — 'Tis true! the Tender in her Heart
 Prevails, and therefore, with the Tender, it ll
 Must be recall'd, and sofin'd to her Wishes.

A I R XVI.

*Must I despair?
 Kill me, but kill me here!
 Here, at your Feet I'll dye,
 But, from your Sight to fly,
 Is more than Love, or Life, can bear!
 Still cold and cruel be,
 Dart from your Eyes Disdain;
 Yet while those Eyes I see
 Some Pleasure still relieves the Pain.
 Kill me, but, &c.*

Past. How, *Ægon*, shall I rid me of this Folly?
 The more his Love's abus'd, the more his Pride
 Perverts my Meaning, and evades the Scorn.

Apart.

Æg. Give him a hearty farewell, and retire.

D

Past.

Past. He has, indeed, reduc'd me to explain. [*Apart*]

Phil. 'Tis done, my Friend; again her softning Eyes
Incline to pardon, and resume Desire!

And to pursue my Conquest——thus——

Past. ————— Forbear!

Since, Sir, I find your high Opinion of
Yourself can take Aversion, for Esteem;
Enjoy your Happiness, but molest not mine.
Admire your self, and shew a manly Spirit!
Despise my Frowns, and give me Scorn for Scorn.
Fly to some nobler Heart that tastes your Merit,
And leave *Pastora* to bemoan her Folly.

Æg. Troth, Sir, I think 'twould be a fair Re-
venge. (come me. } *Apart*

Phil. *Ægon*, I know what Measures will be—

A I R XVII.

Past. How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Person admires?

Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,
Where, in his sweet Face,
Such ravishing Beauties disclose;
His Heart on fire,
Is sure his Desire
No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!
How little a Thing will defend her
From one, that makes Love to himself!
While nice in Dress,
And sure of Success,
He thinks she can never get free;
With smiling Eyes,
She rallies, and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

[*Exit Pastora*]

Æg. Was ever such a strange Relapse!

Phil. ————— Surprizing!

Ægon

Apart.
g Eyes *Egon*, I fear Disorder in her Brain!
Didst thou observe, how incoherently
She sung, and wander'd from her soft Deportment?

Eg. 'Tis plain, she is not what we thought her----

Phil. _____ No!

It must be Frenzy! Love has strange Effects!
This is the strongest Arrow, that I ever drew!

Eg. So strong, I doubt, we have over-shot the Mark!
At least, I see, you have not touch'd her Wings!

A I R XVIII.

Phil. O! let her go!

Pooh! let her go!

*Maid*s like wounded Doves will fly:

The pretty thing,

Tho' on the Wing,

Down must fall, and sure to dye!

In her Heart,

The Dart

She flies with,

Has fixt her sure;

Now! now!

She's panting for the Cure!

No, *Egon*, no! 'tis now too late to fly me.

I know I've touch'd her, and my Shafts are fatal!

In the next neighbouring Grove, she drops of course!

There I shall find her helpless, in her Wounds,

And tame to my Desire: But I must follow,

And, like a skilful Woodman, save my Game.

Thy Presence, *Egon*, frightned her away!

'Twas too far carried, to have others see

The soft Confusion of her yielding Heart;

Which, if alone, had been with Joy disclos'd.

Eg. Of what strange Stuff are Courtiers Heads compos'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to an outward Part of a Grove.

Enter Arcas and Amyntas.

Arc. Amyntas, I have weigh'd thy best Excuses,

And find thy Modesty, that makes them, but

A stronger Motive to my Trust propos'd:

If thou would'st keep thy Place within my Heart,
Comply with my Desires----

Am. - - - - - My noble Lord,
Since Diffidence no longer can dissuade,
My due Obedience with your Will complies :
To my poor Power, I will discharge this Trust.

Arc. Now thou hast gain'd upon my Love, *Amyntas*.
The present Hour employs thee : Here, within
This Grove, a while amuse thee, 'till I send her :
There, in an Instant, shall *Pastora* find thee. [*Exit Arcas.*]

Am. What will my Fate do with me! O *Pastora*!
Is lost *Amyntas*, then, the chosen Wretch,
To point thee out a Lover worthy of
Thy Heart? Where shall this worthless World produce
And by the generous *Arcas* too, my Patron, (him)
Is this high Task impos'd! What Power can save thee?
Must I, if true to Love, be false to him?
Or true to *Arcas*, must I lose *Pastora*?
Nay, what would Falshood, if pursued, avail?
'Twere terrible, tho' guiltless, to avow my Love!
To meet her Scorn (for Scorn must sure attend it!)
Were sharper Pain, if possible, than to
Behold her, happy, in a Rival's Arms;
Which Way so'er I turn, Despair surrounds me!
Like the poor Pilot, while his Vessel burns,
I pause, to perish in the Flames, or Waves!

A I R XIX.

Wasever, than mine, a Fate more severe;
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair?
Destairing, I languish a Lover conceal'd,
Yet the Cause of my Anguish gives Death, if reveal'd:
While her Birth is so high, my Fortune so low,
By her Frown I must dye, if I tell her my Woe.
Wasever, than mine, a Fate more severe;
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair? [*Exit*]

Enter *Pastora*.

Past. Sure, 'twas *Amyntas*' Voice, and Love that
A Sound ill-boding to the lost *Pastora*! (tun'd it
I fear some Nymph unknown has seiz'd his Heart.
It must be so! all but too well agrees

With

With what my Father, knowing, has injoyn'd.
 Yet why is mine this Task? He could not, sure,
 Suppose *Amyntas* sigh'd for me! Ah, no,
 He would not then have sent me to relieve him!
 For often has he warn'd me to regard
 My Birth, and shun the humbler Swains beneath me:
 Which, to this Hour, I have observ'd, with Sorrow.
 How far this sweet Occasion, to reveal
 My Pain, I may resist—I dare not think on!
 Yet sure no Pain exceeds conceal'd Desire.

A I R XX.

*While Groves alone hear me complain,
 Like the Lally, when drooping I pine,
 If silent, I languish in Pain,
 How can his Heart ever be mine?*

O Cupid! assuage what I feel,
 Since my Fault is but loving too well:
 O! let my Distress to conceal,
 Be less than the Pain is to tell.

Amyntas returns.

Am. Thus, while the warbling *Philomel* complains,
 The list'ning Swain partakes her tuneful Sorrow.

Past. My Griefs, *Amyntas*, sympathize with thine.
 Thy plaintive Strains have given my pensive Heart
 Distress unfelt before----

Am. - - - - Are then our Griefs
 So equally severe, as to deserve
 Our mutual Pity? Sure a social Balm,
 So sweetly healing, might assuage the Pain.

Past. Or may increase it, from the Cause mistaken.

Am. Why are those Causes then conceal'd, since on
 Our Cure, our future Happiness depends?

Past. That Question, thou, *Amyntas*, must resolve!
 For, to that Purpose, has my Father sent me,
 To search thy Griefs, and by Advice to heal them.

Am. The same Injunction has he laid on me,
 That I should give due Praises, to thy easy Scorn
 Of vain *Philautus*' Love, and to thy Heart
 Commend a Swain, whose Virtues might deserve thee.

But say, *Pastora*, did he tell thee, that
He knew, *Amynas* lov'd?

Past. ———— Thy Strains confess'd it.

Am. If that were Proof, thy Strains confess'd the
same.

Past. We often sing of Sorrows not our own.

Am. Of such, *Pastora*, might *Amynas* sing.

Past. May we then hope, that neither of us love?

Am. If both could love with Hope, 'twere happier
still!

Past. But that, alas! for ever is deny'd to me!
Compell'd by frowning Honour to despair!

Am. The same stern Brow affrights *Amynas*' Hope.

Past. Dost thou then love below thy Birth, *Amynas*?

Am. Were that my Fate, I might declare my Flame.
But Fears like mine can never reach *Pastora*:

For, in *Arcadia*, she has no Superior.

Past. And therefore is she doom'd to hide her Heart.

Am. O Love! how equal are our Woes, and yet
How opposite their Cause?

Past. ———— Our Woes so like,
May in the same complaining Strains be told.

A I R XXI.

*Tho' my Grief is severe, it relieves me, to see,
That the Swain who inflicts it, conceives not 'tis he,
The Swain that subdues me, I dare not reveal;
That I'm won e'er he woes me, I tremble to tell:
Tho' my Ruin it prove, no Weakness I'll show;
'Tis enough, that I love, and too much he should know;
Tho' my Grief is severe, it relieves me, to see,
That the Swain who inflicts it, conceives not 'tis He.*

Am. And yet *Pastora*, sure, might trust a Friend,
A Friend appointed to receive the Secret!

Past. Is not my Charge the same on thee, *Amynas*?

Am. What Evil can attend thy first declaring?

Past. 'Till I first know *Amynas*' Heart, my Flame
For ever stifled, in my Breast shall dye.

A I R XXII.

Am. Cupid, help a Swain's Despair!
Teach his Tongue to lose his Fear!

Past.

Love in a Riddle.

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Past. Cupid! grant the Swain I love,
May for me my Anguish prove!

Am. Must I drag this hopeless Chain?

Past. Must I ever sigh in vain?

Both. Love conceal'd is endless Pain!

Am. Cupid, help a Swain's Despair!

Past. Cure my Love, or kill my Fear!

Both. { Grant, O! grant, the ^{Nymph} Swain } I love.
May for me my Anguish prove.

Past. Amyntas, as thou would'st preserve my Peace,
Tell me the Nymph, that gives me Pains for thee.

Am. How dreadful is the Precipice I stand on!

But yet remember, O! too curious Maid!

When I lye dash'd, and dead with my Despair,

'Twas not my own Presumption, but thy Will

That forc'd me on my Fate! and to confess,

My tortur'd Heart—has long ador'd *Pastora*!

Past. What have I heard, *Amyntas*?—

Am.— — — — — O cruel Maid!

Why would'st thou drive me to this dreadful Fall?

Past. That these kind Arms might save thee, O *A-*

Our Happiness, our Ruin, from this Hour, (*myntas*!

Is one! And if *Pastora*'s yielded Heart

Can pay the Pains thou hast endur'd for me,

Let thy own Wishes form thy own Reward!

The Joys I give *Amyntas*, I receive.

Am. Immortal Pow'rs! may I believe my Sense?

What hast thou utter'd? O *Pastora*! sure

I dream! This heavenly Vision is too much

For waking Life to bear! Amazement, Love,

Tumultuous Joy, and Transport, swell my Heart,

I fear, beyond the Limits of my poor Deservings.

Past. No, *Amyntas*! That sweet Humility,

Thy distant Awe of unavow'd Desire,

Has more prevail'd upon my yielding Heart,

Than all the Flatteries of protesting Love.

Am. O! let me gaze, and languish on thy Softness!

While Sighs on Sighs invoke thy Charms confess'd,

And fault'ring Speech can only sound *Pastora*.

Learn hence, ye Nymphs, your Lovers to surprize
 Nor boast the trivial Conquest of your Eyes :
 The Vows your Charms inspire, with Charms will
 And teach the sated Lover to forsake ; (break
 But when, with Virtue aided, you subdue;
 Long will your Swains adore, and long be true !
 Then, like *Pastora's*, may your Flames be own'd,
 And each *Amyntas* in your Hearts be Crown'd.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Arcas and Ægon in the Garden,

Art. YES, *Ægon*, I o'er-heard it all ! Conceal'd
 Within a Bower, which scarce the Sun or
 Winds
 Could pierce, my Ears were Witness of their Loves ;
 I heard the equal Conflict of their Hearts,
 Which, while unknowing that their Flames were mu-
 Alternate Duty labour'd to conceal : [tual,
 Such Innocence and Virtue gave me Pain,
 To see the dread Suspence of their Desires !
 But when, to their Amazement, they discover'd,
 How long, in Heart, for Heart, their Hopes had lan-
 guish'd,
 Their tender Transports even recall'd my Youth,
 And gave my Eyes the Softness of a Lover.

Æg. Here, we perceive how Blood sustains the Mind,
Pastora's humble Passions with her Birth subside,
 Her Heart is charm'd by Merit, in its Weeds ;
 While cold *Ianthe*, unsubdu'd by Fortune,
 Maintains the Native Station of her Race,
 Nor bends her Merit to superior Birth.

Art. Her Coldness shews, at least, the honest Pride
 Of Virtue knows its Worth, and will be wooed.

Æg. Thus *Iphis* too, unheedful of her Fortune,
 Shews he thinks Virtue is the noblest Dower,

Art. All, all, my Friend, advances to our Wishes;
 And let me say the Merit of their Love
 Were lost, had not these Tryals prov'd their Virtue!
 And yet—the strongest, *Ægon*, is to come,
 The long-hid Secret of their Birth! How that
 Discover'd may affect their Constancy—

Æg. My Lord, you nourish Fears, which I alone
 Should feel; if alter'd Birth could change their Passions,
 Yours might, indeed, despise the Race of *Ægon*.
 Lost *Iphis* and *Pastora* may be wretched;
Amyntas and *Ianthe* chuse their Fate. (firm?)

Art. But dost thou think, their Hearts will still be

Æg. Suspicion cannot form a Fear against them!

Or if, at most, I grant, *Ianthe* may
 A while, for Form, retard the Hopes of *Iphis*,
 That's the worst Consequence that can betal us.

Art. Thy sanguine Temper, *Ægon*, always cheers
 Be *Iphis* then our next immediate Care. (me!)

Is he yet Master of *Ianthe's* Riddle?

Æg. That's my least Thought! meer female Shyness,
 To give her feign'd Resentment time to cool;
 And save th' Appearance of offended Virtue.

Art. Where is *Ianthe* now?—

Æg.——— In yonder Grove
 I left her, skilfully collecting Herbs
 Of sanative and virtual Power, which she
 In Charity sometimes administers
 To helpless Swains, when Sickness, or Mischance,
 Confines them to their Cott's, unfit for Labour.
 But where has *Iphis* pass'd his lonely Hours?

Art. This Morn, I was inform'd, he had been seen
 Before the Dawn, upon the southern Cliff
 Whose lofty Head looks down upon the Sea:
 There pensive, and alone, in studious Plight,
 He lay, and warn'd the passing Swains to leave him.

Æg. Love, and the Riddle, give him full Employ-
 ment,

Art. Perhaps too much: I, therefore, have sent forth
 Old *Corydon*, with others, to observe

His

Art.

His Purposes, and warn him homeward!—See!
Already he's return'd.—Now, *Corydon*,

Enter Corydon.

What News of *Iphis*? hast thou found him?

Cor. ——— Found him!

Ay, my good Lord, he's found; but I much fear,
He has lost himself—Oh! he has blown me bravely!

Arc. Explain! be brief, good *Corydon*——

Cor. ——— Nay, nay,

I have not Breath to make long-winded Speeches.

Æg. Speak, Man——

Cor. ——— Why then, in short—since short's my Breath
He's mad.

Æg. ——— Mad!——

Arc. ——— What mean'st thou——

Cor. ——— ——— Even as I say:

He's not himself, that's certain: for his Wits
Have neither Sense, nor Purpose! all his Talk
Is like a broken Instrument, untun'd;
Notes without Harmony.——

Arc. ——— Where was he found?

Cor. Beneath the Hill, where you directed us,
Runs a small Brook, that winds along the Vale:
There he sat weaving simple Wreaths of Willow;
One, on his Brow, he wore: at sight of us,
He made dumb Signs, that we should sit beside him.
We did so; and not a Word was said to cross him:
(For by his Eyes we saw, his Head was wrong.)
Then he gave Garlands round to every Swain;
And sigh'd, and heav'd, as if his Heart were bursting.
Anon he drew some Papers from his Scrip;
On which he por'd, and purs'd his studious Brow!
Then gave out Copies of the same, and cry'd,
Read! read! expound, and be an Oracle!

Arc. The Riddle, *Ægon*——

Cor. ——— Ay, a Riddle penn'd

In Verse, but past our Skill (poor Souls) t'untye!
And then he laugh'd and sung light Madrigalls,
And talk'd so many mournful moving Things,
He drew my Heart into my Eyes, tho' scarce

A Word, of what he utter'd, was intelligible.

Wonder he comes, and all the Swains about him.

Arc. *Ægon!* this Sight for ever will reproach us.

Enter Iphis musing on a Paper, follow'd by Cimon, Mopsus, and other Shepherds all crown'd with Willow.

Iph. 'Tis done! I've found it! — 'tis the Rainbow!

Pour,

Pour down, ye plying Clouds, your gentle Showers,

While, with his radiant Pencil, *Phæbus* paints

The glorious Arch, upon your gaudy Bosom!

Cor. Look you there now—you see I told you true.

Arc. I see it, and with Sorrow—give him way.

Iph. O heav'nly Sight! Happy auspicious Omen!

It comes! it forms! delightful to the Eye!

Behold where mounted *Iris* sits aloft,

And offers me a Seat upon her Throne!

See! see! above her Head, *Ianthe* fixt,

Like a bright Evening Star, with Beams unborrow'd,

Adorns the Sky, and calls for Adoration!

Dost thou not see her—there——

[*To Corydon.*

Cor.——Not I, in troth!

(at her!

Iph. Why there! look there! the Moon turns pale

Cor. Yes, yes, the Moon is pale indeed!—alas!

Poor Soul, his Words are like a Ditty in

A foreign Tongue to me——Musick without Meaning.

Iph. Now let us catch the Rainbow, and demand her
From the Skies——ah! me! she frowns! she flies me!

Down! down! ye gentle Virgins, and assist

A Swain's despair! melt her obdurate Heart,

And bend the Goddesses to a human Pity!

A I R I.

O gentle Orpheus! tune harmonious

To my Song, thy Lyre!

[Kneeling.] Teach me, Goddess! to adore thee!

Help a Lover void of Art.

Let his streaming Tears implore thee,

To relieve a bleeding Heart.

O remit thy dreadful Sentence

On a Crime, that call'd thee Fair!

*If that Sin requires Repentance,
Death is kinder than Despair.*

*If, for Love, my Doom is dying,
Tender Pity let me crave;
If a Tear should fall complying,
Gently arop it on my Grave.*

[He sinks into the Arms of Arcas]

Arc. O piteous Youth! O *Ægon*! where is now
Our Foresight? Our Paternal Care? Our Hope?
All lost, and ruin'd by too refin'd a Prudence!

Æg. Do not think so! this Malady may pass,
And *Iphis* yet recover to our Comfort.

Arc. 'Tis now no time to hesitate on Forms.
When Life's in doubt, Extreams must be apply'd;
Ianthe must be found; on her alone
Depends the Ruin, or Relief, of *Iphis*.

Æg. While you, Sir, lead him to Repose,
My self and these our Friends will Search the Groves,
And bring her, with relenting Tears to save him.

[Exit Æg. with others.]

Arc. Ha! he revives! assist me, *Corydon*!

[They raise him.]

Iph. *Ianthe*! where! O my deluded Sense!
She's fled! she's lost! the mould'ring Clouds disperse,
And the gay liquid Phantome is no more!
Such are the visionary Smiles of Woman!
A Silver Morn----- a Shower----- a transient Sun!
A driving Storm----- a Tempest of Despair.

[Exeunt Arc. and Cor. leading Iphis.]

The SCENE changes to a Grove.

Enter Ianthe with a Servant, bearing the Greens, &c.
they have been gathering.

Ian. These, *Cloe*, may suffice for present use;
Now hy thee Home, and sort them as directed.
I shall but rest a while, and follow thee. *[Ex. Servant.]*
At length, I am alone, and my free Thoughts,
Uncensur'd now, may send a Sigh to *Iphis*.
Yes, lovely Youth, with Sorrow I conceive
Thy Pains for me; yet thine gives thee no View

Of those, *Ianthe* on her self imposes!
 For sure, to bear Disdain unmerited,
 Is less Compunction to the generous Mind,
 Than to disguise, with Scorn, a yielding Heart.
 Thy Pains, tho' grievous, yet implore Relief
 Even of the Wretch, that wants the Beggar's Pity.

A I R II.

No more, ye happy Swains, upbraid,
 Or of our Sexes Scorn complain;
 One Conflict of the Love-sick Maid,
 Is far, than yours, severer Pain!

The Wounds we give, your Tongues may tell,
 No Self-Reproach attends the Shame;
 But Oh! what Torture must we feel,
 Who burn, and yet conceal the Flame?

But soft! some Swain advances through the Grove;
 The waving Boughs so break upon the View,
 I scarce discern— it is not *Iphis* — no—
 This is some Stranger ——— by his stately Port,
 It must be the great *Corinthian* Courtier,
 The new-appointed Lover of *Pastora*!
 What can have drawn him hither, thus alone!
 But be his Purpose as it may, it must
 Be mine t' avoid his Sight— but where— or how?
 This way I meet him— here— behind these Alders
 Conceal'd a while, perhaps he may o'erpass me. [*Retires.*]

Enter Philautus.

Phil. This way the sorrow-sounding Voice directed:
 It can be only she, the sad *Pastora*!
 Soothing with Melody her fond Desire!
 I knew her Female Coyness was too faint,
 To breathe intended Scorn— my amorous Arrows,
 When ever drawn, are punctual to the Mark!
 The gentle Fondling! — how her Sighs inchant me!
 Methinks I see her, on some flow'ry Bank
 Repos'd, and languishing with Love conceal'd!
 Her lilly Hand supports her pensive Head,
 Her drooping Eyes, as conscious of my Conquest,
 Refuse the Light, that gazes on her Shame!

Now

Now with Desire her downy Bosom heaves,
While Sighs diffused embalm the ambient Air.
And yet I see her not—— she cannot far
Be hence—— perhaps a soft condoling Strain
May raise her from her Woos, to wakeful Joy.

A I R III.

*Lovely Turtle! once more Cooe!
Call thy Mate, and find him true!
Gently murmur, to my Ear!
Tell me, Charmer,
Tell! Oh! tell me, where
Love may find, and kill thy Care.
O call me!*

*With thy mournful Strains allure,
Cooe, and call me to thy Cure.*

*O call me!
Cooe, and call me, Cooe, and call me
To thy Cure.
Call me to thy Cure.*

And yet she answers not! where? where, *Pastora*?
It must be so—— Her conscious Solitude,
At my Approach, collects her Virgin Blushes,
And Love lies silent, fearful to encounter!
Now Fortune guide me---- Ha! transporting Vision!
She's found! she's found!——

Ianthe comes forward.

Ian. —— Sir, I am not *Pastora*.

Phil. By all my Hopes, a Beauty far more charming

Ian. If you would find *Pastora*, Sir, from hence
A Bow-shot westward, lies a Rivulet;
There with my Brother, in the flow'ry Mead,
I left her listning to his Melody.

Phil. And who, fair Nymph, may be the happy Swain,
That calls thee Sister?——

Ian. —— Sir, the Son of *Ægon*,
Young *Amyntas*——

Phil. —— Is *Ægon*, then, thy Father?

Ian. That I'm his Daughter, is my Happiness.

Phil. And what too cruel Care, my lovely Maid,

Has drawn thee to this Solitude ? For by

thy Plaintive Song, I know thou art unhappy.

Ian. My slight Sorrows are of my own creating.

Phil. Can Love, in all his Tyranny, find Cause
Of Sorrow, for such blooming Beauty ? Say

What fullen Swain, insensible of Joy,

Has wrong'd thy Innocence : If Love's thy Grief ;

Behold this Champion-Arm, this kinder Heart,

Prompt to revenge, or to relieve thy Wishes.

Ian. Your generous Offers, Sir, are lost on me.

I have no Thoughts like those to gratify :

Permit me to retire----- This fruitless Talk

Intrudes upon those Hours you owe *Pastora*.

This way directs you-----

Phil. ----- Yet, you must not pass.

These amorous Shades, my Fair, were form'd for Love !

And soft Desire, resistless as thy Charms,

Compels me, thus, to seize the fair Occasion !

Ian. If you are Noble, as Appearance speaks you,

You can't but know these guilty Sounds

Are Insult to a helpless Maiden's Ear.

But now, you offer'd to revenge my Wrongs :

Make good your Word, and be your own Reprover ;

Revenge upon your self, what Innocence

O'erborn, wants Strength, to punish, or avoid.

Phil. Can Love be Insult, when so gently offer'd ?

Ian. Constraint, and Gentleness, but I'll agree :

If you are gentle, you'll permit me pass,

And free my Virtue from a needless Terror.

A I R IV.

Phil. Why so cold, so coy, my Fair ?

Ian. Nature teaches Maids their Fear.

Phil. Tender Love thy Fears shall chase.

Ian. Name not Love-----

Phil. ----- One soft Embrace !

Ian. No, no, no ! you press my Heart in vain :

Can you be pleas'd, while you give me Pain ?

Phil. Yet hear me----- nay, weep not-----

Ian. O Sir, you are born above me !

Phil. Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.

Ian.

Ian. Leave me to my lowly Fate.

Phil. ----- What can move you?

Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.

Ian. Leave me to my lowly Fate,

If you Love me!

Phi. By Heav'n, a Beauty even of Nature's form-
If Gold, or Golden Promises can woe, [ing!
From hence, to Corinth, will I tempt her Virtue,
And leave *Pastora* to repent her Coyness.
Why, my fair Virgin, thus o'ercast with Sorrow?
Look up, and meet thy Happiness in Smiles!
In me, kind Fortune waits upon thy Wishes:
To raise thee from these humble Plains, to Affluence,
To Pomp, to Pleasures, and luxurious Life!

A I R V.

Ian. Bright Gold may be too dearly bought:

Ab! then how vain the Show!

Content and Virtue be my Lot,

Tho' ne'er so low.

Phi. Mistaken Maid, thy rural Life obscur'd
Has shewn thee nothing of the greater World:
Our Palaces have Joys unknown to Groves!
One circling Round of Splendor and Delight
Fills up the dalliant Measure of our Hours!
The menial Sun himself attends our Pleasures,
With bright Meridian Beams begins our Morn:
And when, with Night, our dusky Noon comes on,
Tapers resplendent blaze another Day!
Till sated with the various Midnight Revel,
Uprising *Phœbus* lights us to Repose!
Then folded in the happy Lover's Arms,
Each Amorous Dame hides from excluded Light
Her glowing Blushes, 'till the Noon-tide Morn,
Such are the Joys, fair Nymph, reserv'd for thee.
Fly then these abject Plains, and seize thy Fortune.

Ian. What shall I say? how answer, or avoid him?

[Aside.

Phil. Think well, my Fair, who, and what Grandeur
courts thee.

Ian. To tell him how my Heart detests his Love,

May

May irritate his Pride, to Insolence!
Better to tempt his Pity, than his Anger.

[*Aside.*

Phil. Hast thou no Heart, or is it form'd of Marble?

A I R VI.

Ian. *My simple Heart is fled away,
Nor was it made of Stone:
You come too late, alas the Day!
Too late by One.*

Phil. What bold presuming Swain shall dare
To stand the Rival of my Flames avow'd?
Away; this artful Story is but feign'd,
To stir my yielding Heart to Jealousy,
That with a softer Fondness it may woo thee?

A I R VII.

Ian. *Alas! I own, with weeping Eye,
Your softest Vows are vain!
The more you sigh, the more must I
In Tears complain.*

Phil. Impossible! thou dost not know thy Heart!
To fly, and tell me, 'tis thy Grief to fly,
Implies thy fearful Wishes would relieve me,
Could I but find Excuses for thy Kindness:
Here then, behold them, sparkling as thy Eyes!

[*Offering Jewels.*

While these, my Fair, adorn thy radiant Charms,
Reproach will, cringing, gratulate thy Fortune;
And envious Censure rival thy Desires.

A I R VIII.

*Fly, fond Nymph, these Rural Plains;
Thou wert born, in Courts to shine:
Waste not then thy Charms on Swains,
To a nobler Love incline.*

A I R IX.

Ian. *In Pity, O! my Pain relieve!
Nor press a Heart, not mine, to give!
Should I, for you, inconstant prove,
Too soon might Scorn succeed your Love.
How could you bear a Maid untrue?
Whose wavering Heart
From Truth must part,
And first be false, ere kind to you?*

E

Phil.

Iph. More impotent in Malice, than Pretension!
 Her spotless Fame defies thy stand'rous Tongue;
 I heard her shrieking in thy horrid Gripe!
 I saw Aversion sparkling from her Eyes,
 And pale Abhorrence shuddering at thy Touch,
 As if some writhing Serpent had embrac'd her.

Phil. 'Tis well, fond Youth! then be it so! she still
 is chaste— Me she avoided— right! I believe so!
 only boasted, to insult thy Love!

Her Virtue still reserves her Heart for thee!

Iph. Insinuating Slave! wouldst thou, to gain
 Belief, confess thy self a Villain? No!

That she reserves, for me, her Heart, requires
 Almost thy Vanity to hope: But this

I know; Whoever may deserve her Favour,

Thy Russian Insult, on her Sex and Fame,

Deserve my Boar-Spear quivering in thy Heart.

But Cowardice, like thine, would shame Resentment;

To kill thee, were to hide thy Infamy!

To let thee live abhorr'd, is nobler Vengeance!

Phil. Bold Minion! thou shalt hear of this severely!

Iph. Away thou Vaunter of thy own Dishonour!

Hence! with thy Safety! let my Scorn forget thee!

Phil. Such Insolence! no Temper can support. [Ex. P.]

Iph. O fair *Ianthe*! do I once more meet

Thy Eyes, and unoffended, at my gazing?

Ian. That I have Eyes to see, or Tongue to speak,

Is owing, *Iphis*, to thy timely Virtue!

Had not thy Arm, from worse than Death, preserv'd me,

Ianthe had, ere this, been seen no more!

Even yet, I tremble at the instant Horror,

And scarce have Life to breathe my Gratitude.

O *Iphis*, how! how shall my Heart repay thee?

Iph. Be but, to thy own Injunction, constant,

Comply with what thy Vows have sworn,

And make thy *Iphis* blest, by Heaven's Decree.

Ian. What means thy Transport?—

Iph. — — — Mark! mark well thy Words;

When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,

Then, to his Wish, his Love succeeds;

Ian. Hast thou then solv'd it, *Iphis*?—

Iph. — — — Hear my Fortune.

Ian. My Hopes, my Heart attends thee - - -

Iph. - - - - - O, *Ianthe*!

Were I to tell thee, how my tortur'd Brain
Had labour'd, ev'n to Madness, for the Sense
Of thy obscure Decree upon my Love,
Thy Tenderness would pity my Despair.

Ian. As *Iphis* would the Sorrows of *Ianthe*,
Had he conceiv'd their Cause - - -

Iph. - - - - - Saidst thou, their Cause! [proceeds]

Ian. Nay, those are Thoughts for future Hours—

Iph. Let it suffice then, that my Father's Care
Soon brought my wandering Senses to Reflection,
When hopeless still, and, to my Fate resign'd,
Like thee, to chaste *Diana*'s Shrine I flew,
Imploring Succour to my Heart's Distress.
When, from her awful *Tripes*, thus the Goddess,
Inverting her Decree, explain'd my Fate.

“ That which she cannot *Have*, the Fair shall *Give*,

“ That which thou canst not *Give*, or she *Desire*.

“ That which thou must not have, shalt thou receive.

“ That, that's the Cure thy present Woes require.

Ian. Hast to expound, and ease my Heart's Impatience

Iph. “ O then repay my Woes, with happier Life,

“ And give me what thou canst not have - - - a *Wife*

“ And in Return, *which thou canst never Give*,

“ *Ianthe*'s Heart a *Husband* shall receive!

Ian. O never was a Heart so justly given!

This, *iphis*, is a Marriage made by Heaven!

Canst thou forget my Sexes coy Regard?

Iph. Can Love look back from such a sweet Reward

The fond and easy Maid is kind in vain;

Faint is the Bliss, that never past thro' Pain.

Beauty, by Nature, timorously coy,

By Grievs impos'd, refines the Lover's Joy:

Thus blooming Roses have their native Power,

To wound the Hand that pulls the fragrant Flower. [Exit]

Damon enters alone.

Dam. How! *Iphis*, and *Ianthe*, hand in hand?

'Twas but this Hour, I heard he had lost his Wits

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For Love! Nay, *Ægon* now is in the Woods
 Seeking his Daughter too—Ah! ha! my Mistress!
 You've found yourself, it seems, the way to cure him!
 Your dainty Coynefs is come down at last,
 And Love, on second Thoughts, is not so frightful!
 But why do I pretend to laugh at her,
 When *Phillida* has made a greater Fool of me,
 Than ever held the Sexes Power in Scorn?

A I R X.

Dam. *Around the Plains, my Heart has rov'd:*
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd:
The Pert, the Proud, by Turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While This I woo'd, I That enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd,
The Coy resign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! those Days are done:
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd, by One,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.

O! could I, yet, her Heart recall,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And, for her Sake, forsaking all,
Would fix for ever there.

Could I have ever thought to have seen this Day!
 That I should fold my Arms, and sigh for One?
 Nay One that in her Turn has sigh'd for me!
 And only could subdue me by her Parting!
 How could the Gypsy muster such a Spirit?
 The Pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,
 I shall never rest in my Bed, 'till she
 Lies by me—Here she comes, and with her—ha—
 Her Father! soft—I'm out of Favour there!
 Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.

Enter Corydon, with Phillida.

[Retires.]

Cor. And I say, think no more of him—

Phil. — — — That's hard!

Is't not enough I see him not?

Cor. — — — I say,

For Avoid him, as the wildest Beast of Prey!

He uses Girls like Carrion : Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more Havock, than that wicked R ogue
Among the Wenches Hearts — —

Dam. — — — That must be me! [*Behind*
But what says *Phillida*?

Phil. — — — Suppose this true!
Yet could he, still, be wrought to marry me!

Cor. My Patience! has he not refus'd to marry?

Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his Love

Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart!
And 'till you drive him thence——

Phil. — — — I strive to do it,
And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

A I R XI.

*A thousand Ways, to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him.
And tho' for Life, I've sworn to part,
For Life, I find I love him.
Still should the dear false Man return,
And with new Vows pursue me,
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.*

Cor. Consider, *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou hast choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*.)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

Phil. I do consider, Father; so should you!
As a low Fortune with the Man, I love,
Can't make me rich; so Riches with the Man
I hate, can't make me happy——

Dam. — — — Gallant Girl!
O! I could eat thy very Lips, that spoke it. [*Behind*

Cor. See! yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy,
In time, to please thee——

Phil. — — — Well! since you desire it,
But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too.

Send him to make his equal Claim,
And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'st my Heart, I'll follow
him. [*Ex.*

Dam. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes, my own;
To her Cimon singing.

A I R XII.

Cim. Behold, and see thy wounded Lover!
Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
O let my Tears, at length, discover
One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart!

Phil. Were in the World, no Man but Cimon,
None of the Female Kind but I,
With me should end the Name of Woman,
With Thee the Race of Man should die.

Cim. O cruel Sound! false-hearted Phillida!
Didst thou not say, thou loved'st me better than
My Brother Mopsus?—

Phil. — — — Yes, but 'twas,
As of two Evils, I would chuse the least;
Stay, till I'm bound to chuse, and then reproach me.
Thy Crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes
Me sleep—There's all the hopeful difference.

A I R XIII.

Cim. O what a Plague is Love!
I cannot bear it:
What Life so curst can prove,
Or Pain come near it!
When I would tell my Mind,
My Heart misdoubts me;
Or when I speak, I find
With Scorn she routs me.
In vain is all I say,
Her Answer still is Nays:
O dismal, doleful Day!
Phillida flouts me.

Enter Mopsus singing.

A I R XIV.

Mop. Ah! poor Cimon! Dnd a cry?
Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida!
To treat him so scornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully!
Phillida, fy!

Phil. No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!
Simpleton, Paperskull! I for ever shall

- Think thee far the greater Fool ;
Therefore will give thee Cause
With him to cry.
- Cim. Toll! loll! loll! doll!—Now I pray,
Who has Cause most to cry, ah! well-a-day
- Mop. What care I! why let her scoff,
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.
- Cim. Ah! poor Mop^{us}, thou'rt a Fool!
- Mop. I say, you're a greater Owl.
- Cim. Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye.
- Mop. What's a Lye?—
- Cim. ——— That's a Lye!
- Mop. I say, 'tis true.
- A I R XV. [The AIR changes.]
- Phil. Give over your Love, you great Loobies,
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too :
Did ever a brace of such Boobies
The Lafs, that detests them, pursue ?
- Mop. How!—
- Phil. —Go!—
- Cim. ——— Oh! I'm ready to faint!
How are you? [To Mop^{us},
- Mop. Why truly, she treats us but so, so.
For my part, I think she's a Devil.
A Woman would scorn for to do so.
- Cim. O Fy! fy! such Words are unrevil.
- Phil. Prepare then, to hear my last Sentence,
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,
And wait for my Bantling a Father,
Go!—
- Cim. —Oh! Woe! I'm ready to faint;
- Mop. And I too.
Was ever a Slut so inhuman!
Odszooks! let us take down her Mettle!
- Cim. I dare not—
- Mop. ——— Let me come! pshaw waw, Man,
She only has water'd a Nettle.
In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!
For One of us Two you must now chuse.

Love in a Riddle.

69

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on ;
And You —— are the Fool I refuse.*

[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Cim. *Waunds!*

Cim. and Mop. *Go ! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.*

Phil. *If there's a Joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.
When Cimon and Mopsus are gone, Damon presents him-
self to Phillida, singing.*

A I R XVI.

Dam. *See ! behold, and see !
With an Eye kind, and relenting,
Damon, now, repenting,
Only true to thee ;
Content to love, and love for Life !*

Phil. *If you, now sincere,
With an honest Declaration
Mean to prove your Passion,
To the Purpose swear,
And make, at once, a Maid a Wife.*

Dam. *Thus, for Life, I take thee,
Never to forsake thee.
Soon, or late,
I find our Fate,
To Hearts astray,
Directs the Way,
And brings, to lasting Joys, the Rover home,*

Phil. *Ever kind, and tender,
Conquer'd, I surrender :
Prove but true,
As I, to you,
Each kindling Kiss
Shall yield a Bliss,
That only, from the constant Lip, can come.*

A I R XVII.

Dam. *To the Priest away, to bind our Vows,
With our Hands, and Hearts united.*

Phil. *To reduce the Rover, to lawful Spouse,
Is a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.*

Dam. *If I never could fix,
'Twas the Fault of the Sex.*

Who

Who easily yielding, were easy, to cloy;
 But in Love we still find,
 When the Heart's well inclin'd,
 Both. } In One, only One, is the Joy.
 But in Love, &c.

The SCENE opens to the House of Arcas.

Arcas and Egon come forward, and at some Distance
 stand Iphis with Ianthe, and Amyntas with Pastora.

Eg. Now, Sir, applaud my Foresight, and confess,
 That what I promis'd has not fail'd our Hopes.

Amyntas and Pastora own their Love;
 And Iphis has at length deserv'd Ianthe.

Arc. Yes, Egon, now I see the secret Care
 Of Providence, that forms our Happiness,
 By Measures unforeseen to human Eyes.
 Had not Philautus prov'd an impious Ruffian,
 Iphis might never have produc'd his Virtue.
 Nor fair Pastora, but by Scorn of him,
 Have shewn a Spirit worthy of her Birth.
 But where shall my Indulgence find Excuse,
 To ratifie thy Flame profess'd, Amyntas?
 Or thine, Ianthe, for the Son of Arcas?

How may I answer, to the World, my Conduct,
 In mixing such unequal Blood, and Fortune?

Am. My Lord, if private Happiness must rank
 With what is practis'd in the sensual World,
 My Hopes are blasted; and I stand condemn'd,
 Even by my own Confession, of a Crime
 Might lay an Imputation on your Pardon.
 But if (as I have often heard you say)
 Man only has his Value, from his Virtue,
 And that where Food and Rayment are provided,
 Health, and Integrity of Heart, is all
 That's needful to compleat our Happiness:
 Then, Sir, my pleading Love has this Excuse;
 That tho', beyond a Life of Innocence,
 I boast no Virtues, to support my Claim;
 Yet by your own Prescription, I may say
 Pastora chose me, therefore I deserve her.

Æg. An Answer worthy of thy Father's Son!
Fear not, *Amyntas*, I'll support thy Love.

Art. Ægon! Thou more than Father to my Boy!

Aside to Ægon.

'Tis well, *Amyntas*: When *Ianthe* has
Reply'd, at once, on both, I shall determine.

*Distant
tore,
onfess,*

Ian. My noble Lord! the Time has been, when you
Yourself reproach'd my cold Regard of *Iphis*;
And, like a tender Father, gave him to my Pity.
Was it no Merit, that my bleeding Heart
Refus'd to gratifie its own Desires,
And starv'd my Love, to feed a just Resentment?
If that Resentment, since, has been appeas'd
By Obligations, greater, than even Life
Preserv'd, can you reproach my Gratitude?
If then a Heart, so tempted, seems aspiring,
Let this Reflection, Sir, excuse my Love;
That *Iphis*, tho' adorn'd with every Grace
That might deserve, and charm the proudest Beauty,
Though my Superior far, in high-born Blood;
And of a Fortune boundless, as your Bounty;
Yet all these Gifts, from Heaven, and Nature's Hand,
Were Charms too weak, to reach *Ianthe's* Heart,
Till Truth, and Love, had more than once deserv'd here.

Art. O! *Ægon!* *Ægon!* my Contentment grows
Too strong, to be conceal'd! I thirst, I burn
To clasp my blessed Children in my Arms,
And pour out all the Fondness of a Father.

Am. Whence this affecting Passion?

Æg. — — — — From a Cause
Will raise you Wonder equal to your Virtues.
Nor, from the sweet Rewards he now intends
Your Love, can spring a Transport more sublime,
Than what a tender Father feels, to find
His Children have deserv'd them —

Am. — — — — Ha!

Ian. — — — — His Children!

Æg. What then remains, my Lord, but that you call
Their Merit, from obscure Adoption, forth,
And let *Amyntas*, and *Ianthe* know.

What

Æg.

What noble Blood now claims, and crowns their Vir-
tues.

Art. Hear then, ye happy Lovers, and attend
The Story of your strange inverted Fortunes.
You often have been told that *Ægon*, and
Myself, whose Friendship from our Youth grew up,
In one same Year (such was the Will of Heaven)
Buried the Bosom-Partners of our Hearts,
Our mutual Grief soon drew us from the gay
And tasteless Pleasures of a Court, to pass
In rural Solitude our future Days,
Accountable to Sense, and Nature's Law.
It happen'd, in our Course of friendly Talk,
One Day reflecting on the anxious Cares
That tender Parents feel, for Infant Children;
Observing too, how seldom high-born Blood
And Riches add to real Happiness;
How often head-strong Youth, depending on
Hereditary Rank, have sunk their Virtues in
Excess, and from elated Pride, have mock'd
Those Morals, that should grace Nobility:
Those Fears, I say, revolving in my Breast,
To *Ægon* I propos'd this strange Precaution:
That mutually our Infants should exchange
Their Father; and having no Mother's Fondness,
That might oppose our Scheme, we thence agreed
That thou *Amyntas*, and *Ianthe* thou,
As *Ægon's* Son and Daughter should be train'd;
That, to your seeming humble Birth and Fortune,
Your Hopes restrain'd, might level your Desires;
While *Iphis*, and *Pastora*, to my Care
Assign'd, might, from imaginary Birth,
Imbibe the higher Sentiments of Honour.
Now mark! how happily the Consequence
Succeeds! — let your Amazement still be mute,
While my paternal Care prevents your Wishes,
And doles you out the Blessings you deserve.

Æg. Now, Children form your Wishes, and receive

Art. *Amyntas*, to reward his Love conceal'd, [them.
Now enters on a Fortune, which expected
Had lost the sweeter Relish of Possession:

And

And to exert his Gratitude to *Ægon*,
Whose Precepts taught him to deserve *Pastora*,
He lays that Fortune at his Daughter's Feet.

[*Amyntas and Pastora kneel to Ægon*.

While *Iphis*, of *Ianthe's* Heart possess'd,
Receives the Fortune which his Love bestow'd,
And by Alliance makes me twice his Father.

[*Iphis and Ianthe kneel to Arcas, &c.*

Am. O where shall Duty, Gratitude, and Joy
Find Words to utter what our Hearts conceive!

Iph. Amazement, Praise, and Admiration, fill
The Soul with Transports, too sublime for Speech!

Arc. Continue, by your Virtues, to deserve your
Fortune;

You give me, then, not only Praise, but Triumph!

Iph. *Amyntas*!

Am. - - - - *Iphis*!

Iph. - - - - Friend!

Am. - - - - My Brother now.

Past. O kind *Ianthe*!

Ian. - - - - O *Pastora*! How!

How shall I thank thee, for *Amyntas*' Joy?

Past. Excel me, if thou can'st, in Love
to *Iphis*?

Am. Do that, *Ianthe*, and *Amyntas*' Truth
Shall emulate thy Kindness to *Pastora*.

Iph. Do that, *Amyntas*, then shall *Iphis*' Love
Redouble thy Endearments on *Ianthe*.

A I R XVIII.

Ian. Thus we to Virtue give
All that we thence receive.

Iph. to Am. Be to *Pastora* kind,
Amyntas here shall find
What there he gives,
Ianthe here receives.

Am. to Iph. Be to *Ianthe* kind,
Kind *Iphis* here shall find
What there he gives,
Pastora here receives.

Past.

Past. to Ian. *Be to thy Iphis kind,
lanthe here shall find
What there she gives
Amyntas here receives.*

Ian. *Thus all receive
The blended Joys we give.*

Iph. *Now say the Nymph is cold:
Who calls the Lover bold?*

Past. and Am. *While kind, and true?*

Ian. *Now every killing Care,*

Past. *Of Jealousy, or Fear.*

Ian. and Past. *Adieu, adieu!*

Omnes. *Adieu, adieu! [End with the first part.*

Æg. *Why, ay, my Lord, here Love appears in Tri-
umph!*

*Speaks from the Heart, and flames with Innocence!
Where shall we find, in pompous Courts, or Cities,
Desires so Cordial, so refin'd by Virtue?*

*Arc. Where-ever Pride, Deceit, or fordid Views
Are banish'd, Ægon, we shall always find them.*

*Let us not think our Children only blest'd,
Because the general World makes light of Virtue;
Could Millions taste the same exalted Bliss,*

It rather, then, might heighten our Contentment.

Æg. *Why be it so, my Lord: But since Mankind*

Shew, by their sensual Practice, their Mistake,

Let not us grieve because we can't reform them.

Let us exult upon our Choice, and leave

Vain-glorious Greatness to its gilded Wishes.

This Day, at least, we'll dedicate to Mirth,

And give our rural Swains a Jubilee.

Arc. A Day like this, indeed, demands our Joy!

Hast thou provided, Ægon, for th' Occasion?

Æg. *A Moment's Patience, Sir, you'll find I've not
Been idle—* [Exit Ægon.

Arc. — Soft! what Swains are here advancing?

To them Corydon, Damon and Phillida.

*Cor. Long live the Ever-noble House of Arcas!
May his high Race, from endless Heirs to Heirs,
Make many more such Holidays at this.*

Arc. We thank thee, Corydon—

Cor.

Cor. — — — Nay, my good Lord,
The Joy's not all your own : For I myself,
At last, have found a Father's Comfort too :
Your kind Benevolence has done the Deed.
Your double Dowry has reduc'd the Rover,
And *Damon* now is dubb'd a downright Husband.

Arc. And *Phillida* his Bride ? —

Cor. - - - - - Even so, my Lord,
I saw the Priest this Moment join their Hands.
As for their Hearts, why Troth ! they e'en must do,
Like other honest Folks, and take their Chance.

Arc. In earnest of my Promise, *Damon*, wear
This Ring ; and be a Partner of our Joy.

Egon returns laughing.

Eg. Ha ! ha !

I'd like to 'ave brought you, here, a Guest, my Lord !
That might have added to our Pastime —

Arc. - - - - - Whom ?

Eg. *Philautus* : But his Modesty, it seems,
Thought it became him better to decamp.
I met him mounted, with his tawdry Train,
All on their Palfries, prancing Post to *Corinth* :
And when I ask'd th' Occasion of his Haste,
He scornfully reply'd — Our Women, here,
Had neither Sense of Merit, or of Love.
So spurr'd his Horse, and staid not for his Farewel.

Arc. In Courts, perhaps, he may have better Fortune.

Eg. With all my Heart ! There he'll find Beauties, that
Deserve such Husbands — But now, to our Pastime,
I've brought you, Sir, a Troop of jolly Swains,
Who promise all their Skill to please : Let us
Sit down, and take Well-meaning for their Merit.

[A Dance, and Chorus of *Shepherds*, &c.]

Arc. Now, *Egon*, nought remains, but Nuptial
To consecrate our Children's Happiness. (Rites,
In theirs, methinks, our Spring of Youth returns :
While Transport flows in Veins, almost our own,
We share the Harvest, which our Cares have sown.



EPILOGUE. Sung by *Ægon*

SINCE Songs, to Plays, are now-a-days,
Like, to your Meals, a Sallad;
Permit us then, kind Gentlemen,
To try our Skill, by Ballad:
While You, to grace our native Lays,
As France has done before us,
Belle, Beau, and Cit, from Box and Pit,
All join the jolly Chorus.

Chorus. While You, to grace, &c.
Poor English Mouths, for Twenty Years,
Have been shut up from Musick;
But, thank our Stars, outlandish Airs
At last have made all You-- sick.
When warbling Dames were all in Flames,
And for Precedence wrangled,
One English Play cut short the Fray,
And home again they dangled.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, all make a Noise,
As France has done before us;
With English Hearts, all bear your Parts,
And join the jolly Chorus.
Sweet Sound on languid Sense bestow'd,
Is like a Beauty married
To empty Fop, who talks aloud,
While all her Charms are buried.
But late Experience plainly shews,
That common Sense, and Ditty,
Have ravish'd all the Belles, and Beaux,
And charm'd the chaunting City.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, &c.
With new Delight, we've try'd To-night
Our utmost Skill to win ye;
Our only Pray'r, is that you'd spare
Poor Signior CIBBERINI.
If what h' has done can warm the Town
To set up English Ditty,
You'll all confess, h' has not done less,
Than had his Muse been witty.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, &c.

F I N I S.

